

Magazine Number

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 666 } FOURTEENTH YEAR
VOL. XXII }

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

THE CRITIC CO. { \$3 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1894.

THE JULY NUMBER

OF THE

North American Review

CONTAINS:

The Present Administration of National Affairs

By Ex-Speaker REED.

Problems and Perils of British Politics
The Postal Service at New York

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH
HON. CHAS. W. DAYTON,
Postmaster at New York.

France and England in Egypt

MADAME ADAM

A Last Word on the South Carolina Liquor Law

I.--By the Governor of South Carolina

II.--By the Mayor of Darlington, S. C.

How to Make West Point More Useful
The Aims and Methods of the "A. P. A."

F. A. MITCHEL
W. J. H. TRAYNOR,
President of the American Protective Association.

Life at the Holy Sepulchre

THE REV. GODFREY SCHILLING, O. S. F.,
Vice-Commissary of the Holy Land.

Our Family Skeleton

CLARK HOWELL

How to Protect a City from Crime

THOMAS BYRNES,
Supt. of the New York Police Dept.

In Defence of Harriet Shelley.—I.

By MARK TWAIN.

The Prospects of Mexico
The Dangers of Vaccination
Is Country Life Lonely?

WALTER M. O'DWYER
WILLIAM B. HIDDEN, M. D.
C. H. CRANDALL

50 Cents a Copy;

\$5.00 a Year.

Sold by All Newsdealers.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

3 East 14th Street, New York.

Macmillan & Company's New Books.

NOW READY. VOLUME III. THE HOUSE OF FAME. THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN, ETC.

THE OXFORD CHAUCER.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Edited, from Numerous Manuscripts, by the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, Litt. D., LL. D., M. A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. In six volumes, demy 8vo, with Portrait and Facsimilies.

Already Published. Vol. I. ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE. MINOR POEMS. Vol. II. BOETHIUS. TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. 8vo, buckram. Price, \$4.00 each, net.

* This edition of Chaucer, by one of the greatest authorities on Early English Literature, represents the unremitting labour of a quarter of a century. It is a complete edition of ALL THE GENUINE WORKS OF CHAUCER, whether in prose or poetry.

The remaining volumes will be published at short intervals during the present year. The complete set of six volumes is offered to subscribers at \$17.50 net, payable strictly in advance. Payment in full must accompany each subscription. Subscriptions may be sent in through booksellers if the above conditions are strictly complied with.

"His notes, philological, biographical, and other, which frame the text completely in illuminating lines, are a triumph of scholarship that must make inseparable from the fame of Chaucer the name of Walter W. Skeat."—*New York Times*.

"The volumes take rank distinctly among textual-critical editions of our great English Classics like the Cambridge Shakespeare."—*Literary World (Boston)*.

Just Ready.

CLIMBERS IN THE DOLOMITES, THE LAST STRONG-HOLDS OF THE ALPS.

By the Rev. J. SANGER DAVIES. With many illustrations. Fcap. 4to.

Just Published.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE ENGLISH LAKES.

By H. D. RAWNSLEY, Honorary Canon of Carlisle. In two volumes.

Vol. I. Cumberland, Keswick, and Southey's Country.

Vol. II. Westmoreland, Windermere, and the Haunts of Wordsworth. 12mo. Price, \$4.00.

New Book by John Ruskin.

VERONA, AND OTHER LECTURES.

Delivered principally at the Royal and London Institutions between 1870 and 1883. By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated with Frontispiece in color and 11 Photogravure Plates from Drawings by the Author. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.50, net.

"Of the five chapters in this volume, the first three belong to the year 1870; the last two date from 1882-1885. Three out of the five chapters have been read as lectures. . . . Since the latest in date, Chapter IV., was written, the author has not spoken in public; but this paper, 'Candida Casa,' is sufficiently like the rest in form, and closely enough connected with the course on 'The Pleasures of England,' to justify the general title of the volume—'Verona, and Other Lectures.'"—*From Editor's Introduction.*

JUST PUBLISHED.

CHILDREN'S SINGING GAMES.

With the Tunes to which they are Sung. Collected and Edited by ALICE B. GOMME. Pictured in black and white by WINIFRED SMITH. Oblong 8vo, ornamental. Price, \$1.50.

Also, two Editions de Luxe, limited; one printed on Kelmscott paper, by permission of Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, bound in linen. Price, \$9.00, net. The other, printed on Japanese vellum, bound in vellum. Price, \$11.00, net.

Children's Singing Games appeal to every child who loves dance and song and play, and to every elder who is glad to revive the pleasantest memories of childhood. Mrs. Gomme has carefully picked out of the innumerable variants the best and brightest versions of both words and music.

"An exceedingly dainty and enticing edition."—*Congregationalist*.

THE TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE. NEW VOLUMES.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. COMEDY OF ERRORS.

With Prefaces, Glossaries, etc. By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M. A. Imperial 32mo. Printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, in black and red.

With Frontispieces in Photogravure, and Title-pages designed by WALTER CRANE. Cloth extra, flexible covers, gilt top. Price, each, 45 cents. Paste grain roan, limp, gilt top. Price, each, 65 cents.

* By permission, the text used is that of the Globe Edition, but carefully amended from the latest Cambridge Edition. Prospectus, with specimen pages, on application.

THE GYPSY ROAD: A JOURNEY FROM KRAKOW TO COBLENTZ.

By GRENVILLE A. J. COLE, M.R.I.A., F.G.S. With illustrations, by EDMUND H. NEW. 12mo, cloth extra. Price, \$1.75.

"It is a quiet delight—this journeying through a land full of detailed beauty of landscape and historic architecture. The descriptions are attractive enough to make one sigh for Poland and a bicycle."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"Altogether one of the pleasantest books of travel of the year."—*Boston Courier*.

NOW READY: Volume I. New Translation.

THE NOVELS OF IVAN TURGENEV.

Translated from the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT. 16mo, cloth, extra, gilt top. Price, \$1.25 each.

Now Ready, Vol. I, RUDIN. Further Volumes in preparation.

Now Ready. Second Edition.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATURE.

A Chronicle of New England Birds and Flowers. By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT. 18mo, cloth, gilt top, 75 cents.

* Also a Large-paper Edition, limited to 250 copies, with twelve full-page plates. Crown 8vo. \$3.00, net.

"There is something of tranquil refreshment about this little book, like a stroll in some quaint, old-fashioned garden, where sweet-scented flowers blow, and there is space, and wide branching trees, where gold-green sunshine strikes through on tangled grass. . . . Seldom has any one written of birds so airily—their frailness, their liquid notes, their whirling flights, all are here."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Just Published. A New Novel.

THE WINGS OF ICARUS.

Being the Life of one Emilia Fletcher, as revealed by Herself in

I. Thirty-five Letters written to Constance Norris, between July 18th, 188—, and March 26th of the following year.

II. A Fragmentary Journal.

III. A Postscript.

By LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA. 18mo, cloth, gilt top. Price, \$1.25.

"It is a study of the inner workings of the human heart, and if the motives of a soul were ever laid bare, it has been done in 'The Wings of Icarus.' . . . A good story told in an intensely natural and interesting manner."—*Providence News*.

JULY NUMBER NOW READY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Monthly Journal devoted to New and Current Publications. Price, 5 cents per number. Yearly subscription, 50 cents.

* The leading article this month is a continuation of the paper contributed in the June number by Mr. F. MARION CRAWFORD, entitled "Modern Views of Mysticism."

MACMILLAN & COMPANY, No. 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894

Literature

Abraham Lincoln as Author and Orator

The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln. Comprising his Speeches, Letters, State-Papers, and Miscellaneous Writings. Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. 2 vols. The Century Co.

MESSRS. NICOLAY AND HAY have supplemented their "great work"—as Col. Robert T. Lincoln has justly styled their Life of his father—by a publication which, if not likely to be as immediately popular, will in all probability be found to possess the elements of permanent greatness and value above any other work that has appeared in America, with the single and significant exception of that which contains the complete writings of George Washington. Washington and Lincoln are the only Americans whose memory is held in such esteem that every scrap of their composing, down even to their most familiar letters, is deemed worthy of preservation. On a careful consideration, and a comparison with other examples, it will be found that this peculiar distinction is due, not, as might be supposed, wholly or even mainly to the high positions held and the great public services rendered by these illustrious writers, but to a certain special quality which distinguished their writings and their acts. This quality, it may be added, is one of which a literary journal is entitled and, indeed, bound to take special cognizance. In seeking to know the nature of this quality we naturally refer to other instances of famous men about whose writings and deeds there is the same insatiable curiosity; and we are, perhaps, surprised to find that their number is so small, and their character so remarkably varied. In the whole history of modern Europe there have been but six—namely, Dante, Luther, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Goethe, and Napoleon. The one characteristic in which they all agree is a peculiar, and transcendent genius.

What is genius? This question has been often asked, and has been variously answered. Perhaps, instead of another attempt at definition, a brief description of what seems to be commonly understood by the term may be accepted. Genius, then, may be described, in a homely embodiment of this popular opinion, as a natural faculty of learning faster, discerning more clearly, and saying and doing things better than most people can compass. Of course, there are infinite degrees of this endowment, and it is only when the faculty attains its highest pitch, and the surroundings are fortunate for its full development, that it attracts the universal and sometimes the unwilling admiration of mankind. In some respects Lincoln may be pronounced the most noteworthy example of this endowment, surpassing even Shakespeare and Luther, both in the humility from which he sprang and the height of achievement to which he attained.

The comparison with Shakespeare, in particular, is one which deserves to be urged as an instructive lesson in literary criticism. Not a few writers of very considerable ability have been unable to comprehend how Shakespeare, with what they consider his small advantages of education and early training, could have acquired the affluence and graces of language and the knowledge of literature and social life apparent in his works. This seeming difficulty has led to the many attempts—which, however much ridiculed, are constantly repeated—to find some other authorship for his productions. And yet the apparent difficulty of explanation is decidedly greater in Lincoln's case. Shakespeare's early opportunities were far beyond those of the Western plough boy and wood-chopper. Shakespeare's father was at the time of his son's birth, and for many years afterwards,

until he suffered financial reverses, a citizen of good standing and substance, who had held many civic offices of note, including those of high bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford. His wife, the poet's mother, Mary Arden, belonged to an ancient family of Warwickshire gentry, and had brought her husband a landed estate of considerable value. With this dower, we cannot doubt, she had brought another, of which the benefit shines throughout her son's works—the breeding and accomplishments of her class. The son, as we learn on the unquestionable authority of Ben Jonson, had gained some knowledge, however small, of Latin and even Greek; and we may reasonably feel sure that his school attainments in other directions had been much larger. Of Lincoln we know that at the time of his birth, and through the whole of his early life, his parents lived in a condition of the most abject poverty. His father, a Kentucky frontiersman, certainly of reputable descent, but reduced by his own incorrigibly lazy and thriftless habits to the humblest rank of the Southern "poor white," wandered aimlessly through the States of Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, leading everywhere the same idle and profitless existence. His son's schooling, gained at odd times and under every disadvantage, covered less than a year of study. Lincoln himself has left on record that at the age of twenty-one he could "read and write, and cipher to the rule of three, and that was all." Yet with this scanty educational furnishing he was able to make himself, by his own unaided efforts, first, at the age of twenty-three—as shown in the present work by his earliest published political address—a writer of pure and forcible English; secondly, a year or two later, a capable and successful surveyor; then a lawyer of large practice and high reputation; and finally an orator and statesman of world-wide renown, whose speeches and state-papers display an extent of varied learning and a knowledge of men and life as great as those which astonish us in the plays of Shakespeare.

Continuing and extending our comparison, it may be observed that the eight modern examples of supreme genius in Europe and America fall naturally into three classes. The first class, comprising three of the eight examples, consists of those whose eminence was wholly or chiefly in literature—namely, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. The second class comprehends the examples of pre-eminent political genius, the born leaders of men, who were also three, Cromwell, Napoleon, and Washington. The third, and that which, as combining these distinct elements of greatness, must be deemed the highest of all, comprised but two examples—Luther, who shaped the modern German language and the Reformed Religion, and Lincoln, whose eloquence stirred the people of a vast country to an enthusiasm of self-sacrifice, and whose statesmanship set free four millions of slaves. Of the statesmanship there is no question. The present publication displays the possession of extraordinary literary endowments, in a degree which has hardly yet been fully recognized. The comparison with Shakespeare is again irresistibly suggested. Like him, Lincoln may be said to have had three periods of intellectual development. The first was when the consciousness of power was felt, but this power was not yet fully disciplined, and youthful spirits were unrestrained. To this period belong, for Shakespeare, his earlier comedies, including "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "All's Well that Ends Well," where delicate poetical fancies alternate with the most riotous humor; and for Lincoln, among other efforts, his remarkable speech in the

Congress of 1848, where he first confounds his opponents with unanswerable facts and logic, and then suddenly overwhelms them with a laughter-moving broadside of ridicule and sarcasm. Shakespeare's middle period, which produced his historical plays and leading comedies, finds its parallel in the series of Lincoln's notable speeches evoked by his famous argumentative contest with Douglas, which formed the turning-point of his career. Shakespeare's great tragedies, which belonged to the last decade of his literary labors, may be fitly correlated with the addresses, presidential messages, and other state-papers, which distinguished the last five years of Lincoln's life. The first, and in some respects the most memorable, of these was the address delivered at the Cooper Institute in 1860. This address deserves careful study as a mere literary exercise, a light in which its author certainly never regarded it. In the transparent clearness of statement, in the convincing array of historical evidence, in cogency of reasoning, in elevation of sentiment, in the force of its appeals both to opponents and to friends, and in the inspiring fervor of its brief peroration, it is unsurpassed in ancient or modern eloquence. As its effect was to make its author President, and to enable him to accomplish all that he afterwards achieved, it may be pronounced the most important oration that was ever delivered. The proper pendants, from a literary point of view, are his brief but even more famous Gettysburg address—an effort certainly never surpassed and perhaps never equalled by any public speaker,—and his last Inaugural Address, which, in its tone of mournful triumph and solemn pathos, seemed fitly to herald the swiftly approaching tragic close of his noble life.

Returning to the comparison with his only rival in both departments of excellence, it is proper to bear in mind that Luther had at the outset the immense advantage of a well-ordered though humble home and a complete scholastic education. And if in general capacity, as well as in eminent virtues and achievements, the great German was in all respects but one the peer of the great American, it is still true that he failed to equal him in one faculty of no small importance for a leader of men—that of judicious self-restraint in speech and action. On the whole, it may be affirmed that America can justly claim the honor of having produced, in Abraham Lincoln, the grandest example of combined literary and political genius that the world has known since the Christian era.

"The Coast of Bohemia"

By William Dean Howells. Harper & Bros.

MR. HOWELLS likes to surprise his public occasionally; wherefore, after carefully training us to expect one kind of novel, he suddenly branches off and gives us another. And it is often in these unexpected utterances that he is most interesting. They seem to be in the nature of recreation to him—refreshing interludes after his serious and difficult work; and they sometimes reflect this cheerful gaiety. It is when he forgets his theories in a measure and writes from the heart, that he is most convincing and delightful. He does not often, however, permit himself this liberty; he generally works in harness and leaves emotion out of his calculations. But in a few books, like "Indian Summer" and "The Shadow of a Dream," different as they are, he has laughed and wept without counting the cost; he has allowed himself to see some of the bright realities of life and its dramatic sorrows. In the present book he has done nothing so fine; but, after leading us to expect some record of weak and fruitless endeavor or an unsuccessful dash at social problems, he surprises us with a mild and pretty little love-story, ending—in the good, old, conventional manner—with the sound of wedding-bells.

The plot is of the simplest. A puritanical country girl, with some spirit, a good deal of reserve and a talent for drawing, goes to New York, alone, to study art. The girl whose easel is next to hers is of an emotional, romantic

nature, and Cornelia is at once swathed in its fervor. The story of this friendship fills that part of the book which is not occupied with the vicissitudes attending Cornelia's love-affair. The hero of the latter is a brilliant young painter, whom she had once encountered in her own little village, and the troubles which ruffle the course of this true love are of the kind that is very important to those immediately concerned, but piteously trivial to others. There is some interesting art talk in the story, but the characters hover about the coast of a very shadowy Bohemia—an imitation, a make-believe, which only differs from Philistia in being more self-conscious and striving religiously to be broad. It is a clever picture of a kind of life that really exists in New York, but the men and women, nevertheless, seem to be puppets playing at life. Cornelia's woes, too, are exaggerated and inconsistent with the character of so sensible a girl. Mr. Howells exasperates one, as usual, by engulfing his characters in trivial details, so that each one appears to be a heterogeneous mass of unrelated qualities; and one doubts their ability to walk and talk and feel. There are many bright sentences in the book, however, like Charman's exclamation, "Oh, if men could only be what girls would be if they were men!" or Ludlow's more serious remark, "Of course, it's humiliating to make a failure, but it's better to own it, and leave it behind you; if you don't own it, you have to carry it with you, and it remains a burden." And Cornelia's vague, tranquil, graceful mother is a new and clever creation. But, after all, one is inclined to borrow from Mr. Kipling and say, "It's pretty, but is it art?" So superficial is the plan, so light and airy the structure, that one feels as though a feather's weight of fervor in joy or sorrow would bring the elaborate creation crashing about one's ears.

"The Diary of a Cavalry Officer"

By the late Lieut.-Col. William Tomkinson. Edited by his Son, James Tomkinson. Macmillan & Co.

DURING THE LAST FEW DECADES, history as a separate study has been gradually pushed aside, and its realm is being usurped by sociology, economics and public law. A new competitor appears now in the field. In his recently published volume, Prof. Boyesen claims that the novel should be so exact a copy of life that the historian of the future should find therein the best material for reconstructing the social history of the present era. Literature would undoubtedly suffer, were Prof. Boyesen's hopes realized, but every evil has its compensatory good, for the historian would be spared reading such wearisome, rough material as the book at present under review. In 1807, when 17 years old, William Tomkinson was gazetted to a cornetcy in the 16th Light Dragoons. In 1809 he entered active service and fought during the entire Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns. Of the two parts of the diary, that kept during the Peninsular campaigns consists in the main of rough memoranda of facts, with very little criticism, as was but natural from so young an officer. The latter half, dealing with Waterloo, is written in consecutive narrative form, and shows that experience had made the young officer more competent and more willing to give his opinion of the acts of his commanders. To the military historian the book should be of great value; to the general reader, and to the historian whose interests lie more in the social and legal than in the martial aspects of history, it has few attractions. The author was a simple-minded Englishman of no literary ability, seeing only what was brought immediately before his eyes. His courage and chivalry are patent:—"One of the enemy took up his musket and levelled it at me when about a yard distant; it either missed fire or a dragoon knocked it out of the man's hand. The dragoon had his pistol in his hand, and said, 'Lieutenant, shall I shoot him?' I said 'No,' though he ought to have shot him; it was a narrow

a good criticism

escape." The chivalry of his conduct reminds us of the action of Richard I. in similar circumstances. The book is as spiritless and cold as a government report, and the dull recital of facts is enlivened by no anecdote. It is devoid of the personal element, so fascinating in many memoirs. It can be fully appreciated by a military historian only, or by an enthusiastic student of Napoleonic literature.

Judaism as a Social Factor

1. *The Jewish Question and the Mission of the Jews.* Harper & Bros.
2. *History of the Jews.* By Prof. H. Graetz. Vol. III. From the Revolt against the Zendik (517, C. E.) to the Capture of St. Joan D'Acre by the Mahometans (1291). Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society.

HISTORIANS AND ESSAYISTS, whether Hebrew or Christian, have overlooked the fact that the most important and powerful period of Judaism has been in the Christian era. Duval has shown the high condition of learning, wealth and splendor at Edessa up to the first Crusade, and the anonymous writer of "The Jewish Question" (1) devotes many pages to detailing the power, influence and wealth of the Jews of the Middle Ages under both Moslem and Christian dominion. Their magnificence in Arabia, in Spain, under Charlemagne, in York and Exeter of England, in Bohemia and Poland, where they thrived and multiplied exceedingly, is dilated upon by both this author and Prof. Graetz. (2) It has always been the fate of the Children of Jacob to thrive best off alien lands. At no time in their career in Palestine occurred such a memorable intellectual epoch as described by Graetz, when in the East the Geonim flourished, and in the West the neo-Hebraic school of literature was at its point of greatest glory in Spain. Of this Spanish school of Hebrew writers, the greatest and most interesting character was Solomon Ibn-Gebirol, a name still potent to conjure with in conversation with cultivated Jews. Gebirol was a poet and a mystic, and it is just possible that the impulse that gave rise to the Qaballa may have started from him, although Graetz puts these remarkable writings two centuries later. It will be difficult to fix the date of Zohar, just as it is difficult to ascertain the certain antiquity of any tractate of the Talmud. The Jewish literateurs of the Middle Ages lacked critical acumen and all sense of chronological order. As regards Prof. Graetz's assertion, that the Qaballa arose from the Maimonist controversy, we only wish to observe that, if in the teeming literature of Occidental Judaism no occult books appeared before the thirteenth century, the phenomenon is unaccountable.

The author of "The Jewish Question" believes that the mission of the Jew is to hold up before the world spirituality of aim and unselfish ideals. According to his belief the noble families of the European nations are of Jewish origin. This may be true, but at the same time it will be recollected that already before the Captivity the purity of the Jewish blood, even in the royal family, had become problematical. Nevertheless, the Semitic strain is strong when mingled with any other. The period discussed by both our writers is in the main the same. What the Middle Ages themselves thought of the Jews may be inferred from the popular legend of the Wandering Jew. Racial prejudice is difficult to overcome. In earlier days, if not now, the Jew, of all peoples most strongly felt bias. Now that he is cosmopolitan, will he serve (as suggested) to break down national barriers, and to merge all nations into one? There can be no doubt that in America, at any rate, the Jew is abandoning the religion which distinguished him from other peoples. Jews do not become Christians in large numbers: they become indifferent to all superhuman religious sanction. We may agree with the unknown writer that there is not really any "Jewish Question" in the United States, so long as the Jews, and each other resident race, voluntarily abandon racial and religious caste. Any kind or class of people

who constitute themselves into sets, cliques, exclusive societies, clubs and the like, on the basis of either blood or religion, constitute themselves into a "Question."

Poems by Irish Writers

1. *Bogland Studies.* By Jane Barlow. Revised Edition. Dodd, Mead & Co.
2. *Cuckoo Songs.* By Katharine Tynan Henderman. Boston: Copeland & Day.
3. *The Land of Heart's Desire.* By W. B. Yeats. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

SEVEN PIECES have been collected in the revised edition of Jane Barlow's "Bogland Studies" (1)—"Th' Ould Master," "Walled Out," "Last Time at M'Gurk's," "By the Boghole," "Past Praying For," "Miss Honor's Wedding" and "A Curfew Call." All are Irish in local color and feeling, and most of them deal with problems and conditions specifically Irish. "Last Time at M'Gurk's" (of which the subtitle is "Mick Flynn De Senectute") depicts with quiet force the hard fate of the aged poor in Ireland, whose warm domestic affections render the enforced seclusion of the workhouse well-nigh intolerable. Yet better to waste one's heart in solitude than to bear about the consciousness of adding to the burdens of one's kin, consuming food that perhaps might keep a dear little grandchild from the grave:—

"Yet I spared thim the most that I could, for o' nights whin I noticed our heap
O' praties looked small in the pot, I'd let on I was fast asleep;
So Molly she'd spake to the childher, an' bid thim to whisht and be quite,
For if granddaddy sted on asleep, he'd be wantin' no supper that night;
Thin, the crathurs, as cautious an' cute as the mice they'd all keep whin they heard,
An' to think that the little childher'd sit watchin', not darin' a word,
But hush-hushin' wan to the other, for fear I might happen to wake
And ait up their morsel of food—sure me heart 'ud be ready to break."

"Past Praying For" tells a pathetic story of the great famine. The starving father of a starving family changes his religion in order to obtain a share of the provisions which have been entrusted for distribution to the parson of the parish. On his way home from church with the coveted food he falls exhausted and dies, mourned as a lost sinner by his widow, who blames herself for his apostasy. All of the stories are written in the Irish peasants' dialect, which the author handles with much skill. The brave and hapless toilers, patient and uncomplaining to the last, relate their sad histories with a simple, unaffected pathos that is unconscious of its own power. Touches of gentle sentiment and a lively fancy relieve the general sombreness of the picture. Here is a pleasing sketch:—

"There's a bit of a hill rises up, right fornint the big hole—the same sort
As ye'll count be the dozen in bogs, with the grass on't fine-bladed and short,
An' the furzes an' broom in a ruffle atop, an' flat stones poppin' out,
Where it's pleasant to sit in the sun and be lookin' around and about,
Whin the bog wid its stacks and its pools spreads away to the rim o' the blue
That lanes over as clear as a glass, on'y somehow wan ne'er can see thro'.
An' there's plenty to mind, sure, if on'y ye look to the grass at your feet,
For 'tis thick wid the tussocks of heather, an' blossoms and herbs that smell sweet
If ye tread thim; an' maybe the white o' the bog-cotton waved in the win',
Like the wool ye might shear off a night-moth, an' set an' ould fairy to spin;
Or wee frauns, each wan stuck 'twixt two leaves on a grand little stem of its own,
Lettin' on 'twas a plum on a tree; an' the briars thrall'd o'er many a stone
Droppin' dewberries, black-ripe and soft, fit to melt into juice in your hould;
An' the bare stones thimselves 'll be dusted wid circles o' silver and gould."

An occasional redundancy in the metre is the only blemish we have detected in these sincere and sympathetic poems.

Many of Katharine Tynan Henderson's "Cuckoo Songs" (2) have appeared in various English and Irish magazines. They were well worth reprinting, although their originality is not marked—a fact which the title apparently avows. They are less racy of the soil than Miss Barlow's poems, perhaps because they lack the effect of naïveté that a folk-speech gives. The monkish legends of "Columba and the Horse" and "Brother Ronain of the Birds" are well told; "Ivy of Ireland," a brief elegy on the death of Parnell, is not without eloquence; while poems like "A Young Mother" and "Our Lady of Pity" charm one by the womanly tenderness they reveal. The same tender chord is struck in "The Sad Mother":—

"O when the half-light weaves
Wild shadows on the floor,
How ghostly come the withered leaves
Sealing about my door!

I sit and hold my breath,
Lone in the lonely house;
Naught breaks the silence still as death,
Only a creeping mouse.

The patter of leaves, it may be,
But liker patter of feet,
The small feet of my own baby
That never felt the heat.

The small feet of my son,
Cold as the graveyard sod;
My little dumb, unchristened one
That may not win to God.

'Come in, dear babe,' I cry,
Opening the door so wide.
The leaves go stealing softly by;
How dark it is outside!

And though I kneel and pray
Long on the threshold-stone,
The little feet press on their way,
And I am ever alone."

The pretty blank-verse play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats, (3) has for subject a bit of Irish folklore. On the night before May Day the fairies have great power, and try to entice brides from their homes to the Land of Heart's Desire,

"Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue;
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, time an endless song."

Marie, the newly wedded wife of Shawn Bruin, provoked by her mother-in-law's unjust reproaches, invites the fairies on May Eve to "take her out of this dull world,"

"For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountain like a flame!"

She repents of her petulance, but the "good people" have heard her, and their messengers come disguised, begging milk and fire, both of which they obtain. Then a beautiful child enters, whose grace and winsomeness charm all present. Willing to humor so young and untaught a creature, the old priest even removes the crucifix from the wall because she dislikes and shudders at it. Then, having disarmed her foes, the fairy openly practices her seductions on Marie Bruin. The priest and Marie's husband are powerless to aid her, and at the fourth call for the "little white bird with crest of gold and silver feet" the new-made bride sinks dead, while her soul flies to fairyland. The poem reads easily and naturally, and there is no straining after effect. Mr. Yeats will be remembered as the author of "John Sherman" (a charming little story, which appeared under the pseudonym of "Ganconagh"), as well as of "The Countess Kathleen," a poetical volume recently reviewed in *The Critic*.

The July Magazines

"The Atlantic Monthly"

THERE ARE FOUR important papers on purely literary subjects in this number: The first installment of "Letters of Sidney Lanier," edited by Mr. William R. Thayer, "Coleridge's Introduction to the Lake District," by Mr. Myron B. Benton, "Lucretius," by Prof. R. Y. Tyrrell, and "Baroness Tautphoeus," by Mrs. M. L. Thompson. A paper on Nova Scotia, "The Home of Glooscap," by the late Frank Bolles, and "On the Beach at Daytona," by Bradford Torrey, are two outdoor papers, to which may be added, in a certain sense, "The City of the Housetops," a picture of summer life in the tenement quarters of New York. "The Mayor and the City," by Mr. Harvey N. Shepard, and "Monetary Reform in Santo Domingo," by Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, are two papers on public matters; and Miss Repplier chats of "bedside books" in "The Dozy Hour." Mrs. Deland adds three chapters to the story of "Philip and his Wife;" Mrs. Catherwood contributes a French Canadian story, "Pontiac's Lookout"; and Lafcadio Hearn tells a Japanese love-story in "The Red Bridal." There are poems by Clinton Scollard, Stuart Herne and Louise Imogen Guiney, and the Contributors' Club is, as usual, filled with good things.

THE RELIGION OF THE ROMANS

"The religion against which Lucretius protested," says Prof. R. Y. Tyrrell, "was grotesque beyond belief."

"The Roman religion," he continues, "which was originally, as in other Aryan nations, worship of the powers of Nature, never assumed the rich mantle of poetry and legend with which the Greek mythology early adorned itself. It took the stamp of the national character, and lay chiefly in rigorous observances, showing much fear, little respect, and no love for the gods. * * * The sole discovery of Rome in religion is represented by the Indigamenta, or list of gods attending every moment of man's life, from the cradle to the grave. * * * The gods of the Roman pantheon are inconveniently numerous. Petronius makes

the witty, wicked Quartilla remark that the place is so densely populated with gods that there is hardly room for the men. * * * The people would stone the gods if they offended them, like those savages who thrash their idols when they come home after an unsuccessful hunt. At the death of the beloved Germanicus the people rose in fury, and threw volleys of stones at the temples of the gods. * * * Against this shallow, barren, and sometimes horrible faith, what wonder that Lucretius should seize the first weapon that came to hand,—against a theory of divine government which, according to him, had its rise, not in reason, logic, or instinct, but in disgraceful, groveling fear!"

BEDSIDE BOOKS

"Warm in our hearts," says Miss Agnes Repplier in "The Dozy Hour," "comes the memory of happier hours when we first read 'Guy Mannering,' or 'The Scarlet Letter,' or 'Persuasion' * * *. Alas! why were we so ravenous in our youth? * * * If only we could forget the old, beloved books, and 'read 'em new.'" Then she continues:—

"But other books there be—and it is well for us that this is so,—whose tranquil mission is to soothe our graver years. These faithful comrades are the 'bedside' friends whom Thackeray loved, to whom he returned night after night in the dozy hours, and in whose generous companionship he found respite from the fretful cares of day. These are the volumes which should stand on a sacred shelf apart, and over them a bust of Hermes, god of good dreams and quiet slumbers, whom the wise ancients honored soberly, as having the best of all guerdons in his keeping. As for the company on that shelf, there is room and to spare for poets, and novelists, and letter-writers; room for those 'large still books' so dear to Tennyson's soul, and for essays, and gossip memoirs, and gentle, old-time manuals of devotion, and ghost lore, untainted by modern research, and for the 'lying readable histories,' which grow every year rarer and more beloved. There is no room for self-conscious realism picking its little steps along; nor for socialistic

dramas, hot with sin; nor ethical problems, disguised as stories; nor heroes of complex, psychological interest whatever they may mean; nor inarticulate verse; nor angry, anarchical reformers; nor dismal records of vice and disease parading in the covers of a novel."

BARONESS TAUTPHEUS

In her paper on the distinguished German writer, Mr. M. L. Thompson gives the following picture of her in her old age:—

"She usually sat on a sofa near a western window, and close by, on the wall at right angles to the sofa, hung a portrait of her in her beautiful youth. It represented her in a ball dress of white satin, her dark chestnut hair falling in rich ringlets on each side of her lovely face. Not every woman of seventy-eight could bear such proximity, but Madame de Tautpheus had no reason to fear it; she was still delightful of aspect, and in looking at her one only felt that the beauty of her old age differed in kind, but not in degree, from that of her youth. * * * Now, at seventy-eight, she was slight and graceful, and she looked *petite*, but I do not think she was below the middle height. She always dressed in black, black silk usually, with a lace cap, and all the appointments of her toilet were delicate and dainty, but with nothing salient that I can now recall. Her voice was soft and pleasant, her smile sweet, her manner singularly graceful and gentle, and both in looks and bearing she seemed much younger than her real age. All her childhood and early youth had been passed among clever and brilliant people, and she spoke with peculiar pleasure of her visits to her relatives the Edgeworths, and said that 'cousin Maria was one of the most interesting people that it was possible to know.'"

"The Century Magazine"

THE ANNIVERSARY of the Declaration of Independence is fitly remembered in this number by Mr. John C. Carpenter, who retells the history of the national hymn. His article is illustrated with a portrait of Francis Scott Key and a facsimile of his manuscript of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mr. George Wharton Edwards tells, in the Artists' Adventures Series, how he tried to celebrate the glorious Fourth in Antwerp. Mr. Albert Franklin Matthews describes "The Evolution of a Battle-ship"; Mr. Charles Dudley Warner contributes an essay on "The Attack on the Senate"; Dr. Albert Shaw continues his study of "What German Cities do for their Citizens"; Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelly discusses "Superstitions of the Sea"; Prof. John C. Van Dyke gives his impressions of "Painting at the Fair"; William D. Ellwanger and Charles Mulford Robinson tell the story of *Fliegende Blätter*; Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich gives a short appreciation of the late Thomas William Parsons, the translator of Dante, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number; Mr. F. Marion Crawford describes the delights of "Coasting by Sorrento and Amalfi," Mr. J. Howe Adams adding a description, with map, of "The Highroad from Salerno to Sorrento"; and Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr., and William Lewis Sachtleben describe their journey through Persia to Samarkand on their trip "Across Asia on a Bicycle." Dr. Dvorak discusses in a popular way "Franz Schubert" and his works; and Mr. Cole adds Jacob van Ruisdael to his series of "Old Dutch Masters." The fiction includes the opening parts of Mrs. Burton Harrison's "A Bachelor Maid" and of "Love in Idleness; a Fortnight at Bar Harbor," by F. Marion Crawford; "A Cumberland Vendetta," by John Fox, Jr., is continued, and the short stories are "Susanna," by Nannie A. Cox, "An Unexpected Legacy," by Alice Turner, and "Her Mother's Success," by Viola Roseboro'. There are, further, poems by Edith M. Thomas, Hildegard Hawthorne, John Vance Cheney and Henry Tyrrell. Among the Topics of the Time discussed are "The New Woman Suffrage Movement" and "The Latest Cheap Money Experiment," in San Domingo; there are open Letters on "The Anti-Catholic Crusade," by Adam Fawcett, "Stonewall Jackson's Eccentricity," by W. M. Taliaferro, "A Recent Phase of Relief Work," "The Public Milk Supply" and "Voting by Machinery"; and the department in Lighter Vein contains contributions from G. Burnett, Richard Burton, Berry Benson, H. K. D. and Mary Berri Chapman. The artists are Harry Fenn, Timothy Cole, F. Cresson Schell, A. Castaigne, Louis Loeb, W. H. Drake, W. L. Metcalf, I. W. Taber, Irving R. Wiles, George Wharton Edwards, Bruno Liljefors, Josef Israels, Winslow Homer and Agnes Steineger.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

"In less than three years, on January 31, 1897," says Dr. Dvorak, "a century will have elapsed since Franz Schubert was born * * *. I should follow Rubinstein in including Schubert

in the list of the very greatest composers." Analyzing the work of this fertile genius he says:—

"Schubert's chamber music, especially his string quartets and his trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, must be ranked among the very best of their kind in all musical literature. Of the quartets, the one in D minor is, in my opinion, the most original and important, the one in A minor the most fascinating. * * * Of Schubert's symphonies, too, I am such an enthusiastic admirer that I do not hesitate to place him next to Beethoven, far above Mendelssohn, as well as above Schumann. * * * In originality of harmony and modulation, and in his gift of orchestral coloring, Schubert has had no superior. Dr. Riemann asserts with justice that in their use of harmony both Schumann and Liszt are descendants of Schubert; Brahms, too, whose enthusiasm for Schubert is well known, has perhaps felt his influence; and as for myself, I cordially acknowledge my great obligations to him. I have just observed that mastery of form came to Schubert spontaneously. This is illustrated by his early symphonies, five of which he wrote before he was twenty, at which, the more I study them, the more I marvel. * * * What is perhaps most characteristic about them is the song-like melody pervading them. He introduced the song into the symphony, and made the transfer so skilfully that Schumann was led to speak of the resemblance to the human voice (*'Aehnlichkeit mit dem Stimmorgan'*) in these orchestral parts."

ART IN AMERICA

Mr. Van Dyke passes in review the art exhibits of the different nations at the World's Fair. The future of painting, he thinks, belongs to America and Scandinavia. Owing to the fact that art education had to be obtained abroad, he says, we are at the start influenced by foreign elements:—

"The influence is to our gain in craftsmanship, but it is to our loss in originality. * * * American painters are not disposed to be servile followers. On the contrary, the effort is toward being distinctly and individually themselves, but artistically they are hampered by many Gallicisms or worldisms. * * * We come nearer to having an American school of art in landscape than elsewhere. There is a decisive note even from the younger men. In fact, there is much hope to be placed in the large band of young landscape-painters at present working in this country. They have skill, and as they grow older they will gain the conviction that our pictorial view is the only one for them. It might be added, without national pride, that, as regards landscape, it is the best one now extant in the schools, and that it has little or nothing to gain from the view of others. Policy as well as patriotism should induce an American to be an American, for there is little advantage in trying to be anything else. The chief value of a nation's art, aside from its being good art, lies in its nationality, its peculiar point of view, its representation of a time, a clime and a people. We shall never have any great art in America unless it is done in our own way and is distinctly American. * * * Happily our younger painters are rousing to the necessity of individuality in their work. Year by year their styles, deepen, one in refined color, another in pure line, another in brush work, another in largeness of conception, another in delicacy of sentiment."

"SLEEP AND DEATH"

is the name of Mr. Henry Tyrrell's sonnet:—

"Soft Sleep, the benediction of the day,
Death, that all life o'er shadows: mysteries
Alike, and yet how strangely different, these!
Sleep, when reality has sunk away,
Can charm with dreams, as when musicians play,
Hid in the summer dusk, rich melodies.
Has Death such grace, life-longings to appease,
The dread of Stygian darkness to allay?
Sleep to the pangs of love succor can bring
Without annihilation—like a fire
Drowns in rose-embers. But the funeral pyre
Neath ashes cold leaves no warmth smoldering.
Friendly is Sleep: in Death we fear a foe.
Sleep is but seeming—oh, that Death were so!"

THE FOUNDERS OF *Fliegende Blätter*

Messrs. William D. Ellwanger and Charles Mulford Robinson give an interesting sketch of the famous German weekly, with illustrations selected from its pages. Of its founders they give the following account:—"The founders of the German periodical were Caspar Braun and Friedrich Schneider. Braun was an artist. He was born at Aschaffenburg in 1807, studied painting

in Munich, and afterward wood-engraving in Paris. When he was thirty-two years old he returned to Munich, and there started a wood-engraving establishment which soon acquired an enviable reputation. In 1843 he became associated with Friedrich Schneider of Leipzig, and from that time the fame of their work spread rapidly. In 1844 they started *Fliegende Blätter*, and the paper was then bought by the public mainly for its illustrations. Braun, in those early days, did some of the best work that has ever been done for it, and his pictures were the more successful because they disclosed to Germany a new world of humor. No predecessor had shown the spirit that is in these drawings, and they not only became very popular, but have since served as models for innumerable later artists. At the same time, Schneider touched a popular note with his poems; and his verses, illustrated by Braun, gave to *Fliegende Blätter* that immediate success which has been denied to many of its imitators in Germany, England and America."

"Harper's Monthly"

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER opens this number with the first part of his new novel, "The Golden House," which will be a story of life high and low in New York. It will be illustrated throughout by Mr. W. T. Smedley. Mr. W. A. Brooks describes "The Harvard and Yale Boat-Race," which Mr. C. D. Gibson has embellished with five illustrations; Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson writes of "The President at Home" in the White House—from Washington to Cleveland; with drawings by Messrs. R. F. Zogbaum and Lucius W. Hitchcock. Mr. Alexander McAdie discusses the elasticity of the atmosphere in "The Storage Battery of the Air"; Mr. Howells continues the interesting account of his "First Visit to New England"; Miss C. H. Spence records "An Australian's Impressions of America"; Commander Theodore F. Jewell, U. S. N., gives an account of the work at "The United States Naval Gun Factory"; and Mr. Charles D. Deshler develops some "Snap-Shots at the Olden Times." "The Evening Party," by Grace King, "Specimen Jones," by Owen Wister, "Ebb and Flow," by Eva Anstruther, "Before the Break of Day," a new Vignette of Manhattan, by Mr. Brander Matthews, "Un Mauvais Quart d'Heure," the first attempt in fiction of Mr. Charles Stanley Reinhart, the artist, and "In Fly-Time," by Mr. Robert Grant, are short stories; Mr. Du Maurier continues the narration of "Trilby"; and "Terra Marique," by C. H. Goldthwaite, is the only poem in the number. In the Editor's Study Mr. Warner gives his "Impressions of Bermuda," praises "England in Egypt" and speculates on "The Passing Revolution." Messrs. Hayden Carruth, John Kendrick Bangs, Tom Masson, P. McArthur and M. H. Connelly are among the contributors to the Editor's Drawer. Besides the artists already mentioned, the following are represented in this number: Frederic Remington, F. V. Du Mond, Harry Fenn, Victor Perard, Charles Broughton, C. S. Reinhart (who has illustrated his own story), George W. Breck, du Maurier, A. B. Frost, Peter S. Newell, Frank O. Small, W. M. Dunk and Louis Loeb.

MR. HOWELLS'S POEM

Mr. Howells's reminiscences in this number deal with Lowell and Holmes, and with the members of the publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields. He tells of the following harrowing escape from the proof-reader's emendatory proclivities:—"But a terrible experience with the poem awaited me, and quenched for the moment all my pleasure and pride. It was 'The Pilot's Story,' which I suppose has had as much acceptance as anything of mine in verse (I do not boast of a vast acceptance for it), and I had attempted to treat in it a phase of the national tragedy of slavery, as I had imagined it on a Mississippi steamboat. A young planter has gambled away the slave-girl who is the mother of his child, and when he tells her, she breaks out upon him with the demand:—

"What will you say to our boy when he cries for me, there in Saint Louis?"

"I had thought this very well and natural and simple, but a fatal proof-reader had not thought it well enough, or simple and natural enough, and he had made the line read:—

"What will you say to our boy when he cries for 'Ma,' there in Saint Louis?"

"He had even had the inspiration to quote the word he had preferred to the one I had written, so that there was no merciful possibility of mistaking it for a misprint, and my blood froze in my veins at sight of it. Mr. Fields * * * found that the whole edition of that sheet had been printed * * *. But the pub-

lisher at once decided that the sheet must be reprinted * * *. Afterwards it appeared that the line had passed the first proof-reader as I wrote it, but that the final reader had entered so sympathetically into the realistic intention of my poem as to contribute the modification which had nearly been my end." Never was a good line so hopelessly marred by the printer.

"THE PRESIDENT AT HOME"

Mr. Nelson's article deals with the private, as distinct from the public, life of the Presidents of this country. His article is finely illustrated, one of the most striking pictures being that of Lincoln standing alone at night on the south portico of the White House. Of the habits of some of our Presidents he says:—

"Grant brought the camp into the White House. Mr. Hayes had lived in Washington as a Representative at a hotel or a boarding-house. General Garfield had settled in the capital in a house of his own, and had enjoyed the kind of social life that may be had anywhere in this country, and that runs to literary clubs that are formed to facilitate the escape of unpublished manuscripts. * * *

* Mr. Arthur brought city customs and manners with him. People who did not know him were greatly mistaken in him. There had been a good deal of refinement and elegance in Mr. Arthur's home, and its influence made the White House more of a social centre than it had been before or than it has been since. Then came Mr. Harrison, who had passed six years in the Senate and a Washington boarding-house, and Mr. Cleveland, who went to the capital a bachelor, having lived most of his life in apartments in a Buffalo business block. None of these men adopted the manners and customs of court life with the exception of Mr. Arthur, who insisted that those with whom he came in contact should pay his office a respect something more than the formal decent respect of good manners. The rest knew nothing of the rules which Washington society had laid down for its own and their guidance, and which were as conflicting as the various interests that invented and frequently modified them. Moreover, they have seemed to care a good deal less."

AMERICAN WOMEN IN POLITICS

In her short, but important, record of "An Australian's Impressions of America," Miss Spence remarks that American women take less interest in political affairs than do their English sisters:—

"All reform parties put woman suffrage on their platforms, but the suffragists are not generally eager after reform in principle, though they expect to elect men of better character when they have the vote. It is quite probable that the first results of the feminine vote will be reactionary, tending to abridge human liberty—a desire to make people virtuous by legislation. It is, however, a necessary step in human evolution, a true fulfilment of republican and democratic ideals. The desire of the suffragists for the vote does not prove that they are diligent students of politics. American travellers are surprised at the close watch which educated English women keep over all the details of political life and Parliamentary debates. The diligent reading of *The Times*, or some other paper which gives accurately the current history of the world, has no parallel in America. The newspapers do not give the information. They tell of a multiplicity of detached events, but give no coherent chronicle. * * * One cannot take up an American newspaper without seeing an account of a steal or a dicker, of falsified elections, of bribed voters, of dishonest contracts, of faithless representatives."

"Scribner's Magazine"

Francois Flameng's "The French in Holland" forms the frontispiece of the July *Scribner's*, Mr. Hamerton writing of the artist whose work he has thus added to the series of Types of Contemporary Painting. Mr. Robert Grant has an inviting article on "The North Shore of Massachusetts," with illustrations by Mr. W. T. Smedley; and Mr. Carl Lumholtz describes the American Cave-dwellers in "Among the Tarahumaris," which is illustrated from photographs. Mr. N. S. Shaler treats of "Beasts of Burden"; Octave Thanet adds "The Working-Man" to her Sketches of American Types; Mr. Ernest Flagg contributes a study on "The New York Tenement-House Evil and Its Cure"; and Miss Agnes Repplier pleads, in "Aut Cesar, Aut Nihil," for absolute equality of the sexes in every sphere of activity that woman enters:—"We are putting up easy standards of our own," she says, "in place of the best standards of men." Mr. Cable continues the story of "John March, Southerner," and there are two short stories, "A Man Without a Memory," by William

Henry Shelton, and "An Ally of Mr. Cross," by John J. aBecket. The poems of the number are "By the Sea," by Annie Mayo Maclean, "The Sleep," by M. L. Van Vorst, and "Mirage," by Graham R. Tomson. The illustrators include Edwin Lord Weeks, A. B. Frost and V. Perard, and there are two portraits of Flameng. Of special interest is the late Dr. Philip Schaff's diary of "The Gettysburg Week," printed here for the first time.

DR. SCHAFF'S DIARY

During several weeks in July, 1863, Dr. Schaff, who was at that time a professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Penn., kept a diary, from which the interesting record of "The Gettysburg Week" has been taken. On July 9, 11 and 12 the great theologian wrote:—

"The news arrived to-night of the fall of Vicksburg on the 4th of July. A mortal blow to the Confederacy—the Mississippi in our hands; also more detailed accounts of the terrible three days' battle in Gettysburg, from July 1-3. It seems on Wednesday we were repulsed and driven out of G. to the strong position on Cemetery Hill. On Thursday both parties held their own, with a little advantage on our side. On Friday, the 3d, the Rebels were decidedly repulsed and forced to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. Lee is said to be in Hagerstown, and another bloody conflict is expected there. The Potomac has been unfordable for several days. Friday, July 10.—This morning we were treated to the luxury of a mail, the first for the last three weeks. Letters and papers kept me busy reading nearly all day. The rest was spent with the Rebel officers, reading to them and conversing with them, etc. The prospects of the Union are brightening in every direction. Saturday, July 11.—Rev. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, took supper with me, and had a long conversation. He studied under the late Dr. Thornwell in South Carolina, can hope for no reunion on any terms, but admits the severity of the blow in the repulse of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. He says Lee's army was never as well clad, fed, and in as high spirits and good condition as when they invaded Pennsylvania. Sunday, July 12.—Dr. Wolff preached in our church a Thanksgiving sermon. I preached in the Seminary chapel in the afternoon, on prayer, to as many of the wounded soldiers as could be moved."

FRANCOIS FLAMENG

Mr. Hamerton says of Flameng that "he is one of the most happily constituted and most favorably circumstanced men of genius I have ever known." Of his work and surroundings, Mr. Hamerton gives this account:—

"The general coloring of Paris is what the French call *blonde*, and I notice that some of the more recent Parisian artists have been educated by it to a delicate perception of the values of various pale grays, both warm and cool; that are scarcely to be found in the old masters. The effects of this Parisian education of the eye are plainly visible in M. Flameng's work, even when he attempts the scenery of other countries, as when, in one of his backgrounds, he painted Windsor Castle in purely Parisian color, to which the English building bears no resemblance. However, one cannot reproach this painter with staying too exclusively at home, as he delights in visiting foreign countries and has wandered over the greater part of Europe. His headquarters are in Paris, where he has a large, curious and picturesque house in an old garden with big trees, in the Rue d'Armaillé. * * * Besides the usual living-rooms in a large house, there are a vast studio, a library, and a museum of objects useful to a painter of past ages, and all these rooms, either by their architectural construction or their rich and picturesque furniture, are full of artistic interest, so that the painter may find good backgrounds for his figures without stirring from his own house. M. Flameng has also a country-house at Septeuil, near Le Mans, where he spends part of the year."

"The Popular Science Monthly"

MR. L. G. MCPHERSON considers in this number "The Meaning of Corporations and Trusts," showing that such combinations are natural results of well-known causes; Prof. Byron D. Halsted treats of the rings and veinings of wood in "Sunshine through the Woods"; Mr. Alexander M'Adie describes "A Colonial Weather Service," from which we learn the temperature on July 4, 1776; Prof. James Sully commences a series of "Studies of Childhood," to run through six numbers; Mr. L. N. Badenoch studies the "Homes of Social Insects"; Prof. David Starr Jordan follows the evolution of fishes in "Latitude and Vertebrae"; Mr. Henry B. Ingram talks

about "The Great Bluestone Industry"; and Mrs. H. M. Plunkett tells the story of the introduction of inoculation and vaccination for smallpox in England, in "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Modern Bacteriology." Mr. O. S. Whitmore gives an account of early trials in "Kiln-Drying Hard Wood"; Dr. Louis Robinson discusses "Acquired Facial Expression"; and Prof. J. W. Black demonstrates that many of our ceremonies, fashions and notions have come down to us from our savage ancestors, in an article on "Savagery and Survivals." The death of Prof. Billroth is the subject of a short paper, and there is a sketch of Prof. Heinrich Hertz, by Mr. H. Bonfort. Portraits of both scientists are given. The late Prof. E. L. Youmans is the subject of an appreciative paper in the Editor's Table.

CHARACTER IN FACIAL EXPRESSION

"Although from infancy upward we are all, whether we know it or not, close students of physiognomy," says Dr. Louis Robinson, in his paper on "Acquired Facial Expression," "and although a number of books * * * have been published upon the scientific aspect of the subject, there are certain facts connected with facial expression which * * * have never received explanation."

"The compressed lip," he observes, "so loved (and so often misinterpreted) by novelists is a sign of weakness rather than strength. It tells of perpetual conflicts in which the reserves are called into the fray. The strong will is not agitated into strenuous action by the small worries of the hour, and the great occasions which call for its whole forces are too few to produce a permanent impress of this kind upon the features. The commanding officer, assured of his men's obedience, does not habitually keep his lip muscles in a state of tension. Look at the sea captain, the most absolute monarch on earth. He carries authority and power in his face, but it resides in his eye, and the confident assurance of his easily set mouth. * * * The engine driver can make his captive giant, strong as ten thousand men, obey the pressure of his finger. His lips are usually calm, like those of the statues of the wielder of thunderbolts on Olympus. Who ever saw a man commanding a man-of-war or driving a locomotive with the contentious lip of a school usher? The typical expressions of the members of those three liberal professions which Sir Thomas Browne says are all founded upon the fall of Adam are well enough recognized to have been long the prey of the caricaturist. The several distinctive traits of each, and the possible causes which give rise to them, are too complex to be dealt with in a single article. Speaking very generally, the cleric's face is indicative of authority (of the thin-lipped kind) and of a dignified sense of the sanctity of his office. The doctor's jaw and mouth are less rigid, yet tell of decision. His eye is vigilant and sympathetic, and his whole facial aspect conveys the idea of a fund of untapped wisdom. The lawyer's countenance is confident and confidential, with a pouncing alertness of the eye, and a prevailing expression of weighty perspicacity."

LADY MONTAGU'S SERVICE TO MANKIND

"In all the history of modern scientific progress," writes Mrs. H. M. Plunkett in her article on "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Modern Bacteriology," "there is no more beautiful instance of the way in which the torch of knowledge is passed from hand to hand * * * than is to be seen in the interlinking of the work of Lady Montagu and Edward Jenner with that of Pasteur, Lister and Koch."

"The relation of the beautiful and brilliant and witty Lady Montagu," she continues, "to one of the most beneficent applications of knowledge to the abatement and mitigation of human suffering, is at the present time very inadequately understood. Even in this day of boasted intelligence, nine out of ten among persons who consider themselves well informed will say, 'Yes, I know Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was the woman who introduced vaccination into England,' whereas it was inoculation for smallpox that she had introduced. This produced a mild form of the disease, perfectly protective, and left no marks. Others had observed this Oriental practice, and had brought the knowledge back to England before her time, and here and there a venturesome individual had tried the experiment, but it was generally done in secret, being looked upon as akin to suicide. It was Lady Mary's intelligent enthusiasm that brought it into repute; she explained the conditions necessary to success, and set the example of having all belonging to her subjected to it. Her only brother had died of smallpox, and she had had it severely; it disfigured her to the extent,

of destroying a fine pair of eyebrows, resulting in imparting a fierce and disagreeable expression to her eyes, in spite of which she had won the heart and hand of an accomplished gentleman. Remember, this was in the first quarter of the last century, when communication between distant lands was infrequent, and women's books were almost unknown."

"The North American Review"

EX-SPEAKER REED opens the July *North American* with a criticism of "The Present Administration of National Affairs," and is followed by Prof. Goldwin Smith, who writes of, "Problems and Perils of British Politics." Madame Adam, who seems to live in a state of perpetual patriotic indignation, discusses "France and England in Egypt," and "The Aims and Methods of the A. P. A." are explained by Mr. W. J. H. Traynor, the President of the Association. The Governor of South Carolina and the Mayor of Darlington disagree in "A Last Word on the South Carolina Liquor Law"; the Postmaster of New York explains in "The Postal Service at New York" that the force under his command is insufficient and overworked; Mr. F. A. Mitchel shows us "How to Make West Point More Useful" in connection with our National Guard; the Rev. Godfrey Schilling describes "Life at the Holy Sepulchre"; Mr. Clark Howell answers Mr. John F. Hume's article on "Our Family Skeleton"; and Inspector Byrnes talks on "How to Protect a City from Crime." Mark Twain begins an article "In Defence of Harriet Shelley," and there are notes on "The Prospects of Mexico," "The Dangers of Vaccination" and "Is Country Life Lonely?"

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

"On my first visit to the Holy Sepulchre," says the Rev. Godfrey Schilling, "I was surprised at the dilapidated condition of the Basilica, which certainly ought to be one of the most beautiful churches in the world, since it covers such precious ground. That it is not is due to the fact that the Turkish Government owns it, and that not a nail can be driven into the walls without long negotiations with Pashas, Consuls and Ambassadors."

"The Church of the Holy Sepulchre," he continues, "is officiated by the Latins—as the Western Catholics are commonly called in the East,—by the Orthodox Greeks, and by the Armenians, all of whom have their respective habitations within the Basilica. * * * The religious functions and ceremonies are of a unique character, combining the splendors of both the Eastern and Western churches. The sacred liturgy is celebrated daily at midnight by the three recognized communities, the Greeks officiating first. The Greeks have preserved the old Oriental liturgical chant, which is similar to that of the Eastern nations. At first it is very disagreeable to a European ear, but when well executed is pleasing to those familiar with it. They make no use of the organ for accompaniment, as the instrument cannot well be adapted to the strange modulations of their voices. About one o'clock they begin their mass, and this ceremony varies in length and solemnity according to the feasts. The Patriarch and the bishops wear gorgeous vestments, and on these occasions use crowns instead of mitres. Nevertheless the Greek rite does not convey that dignified and devotional grandeur with which the Latin rite impresses the mind. The Armenians celebrate after the Greeks. Their liturgy is more grave, the chant being uneven and mournful, and being accompanied by the sound of little bells attached to disks which are carried on long stems by acolytes. Church-bells are not in favor with them. They use instead, as in early times, a wooden or metallic plank, upon which they strike with hammers. The noise thus created is deafening and disagreeable."

"IN DEFENCE OF HARRIET SHELLEY"

Mark Twain makes a few caustic remarks about Prof. Dowden's "Life of Shelley." "This Shelley biography," he commences, "is a literary cake-walk. The ordinary forms of speech are absent from it. * * * If the book wishes to tell us that Mary Godwin * * * had known afflictions, the fact saunters forth in this nobby outfit:—'Mary was herself not unlearned in the lore of pain.'" Growing serious, he continues:—

"The materials of this biographical fable are facts, rumors, and poetry. They are connected together and harmonized by the help of suggestion, conjecture, innuendo, perversion, and semi-suppression. The fable has a distinct object in view, but this object is not acknowledged in set words. Percy Bysshe Shelley has done something which in the case of other men is called a grave crime; it must be shown that in his case it is not that, because he does not

think as other men do about these things. Ought not that to be enough, if the fabulist is serious? Having proved that a crime is not a crime, was it worth while to go on and fasten the responsibility of a crime which was not a crime upon somebody else? What is the use of hunting down and holding to bitter account people who are responsible for other people's innocent acts? Still, the fabulist thinks it a good idea to do that. In his view Shelley's first wife, Harriet, free of all offence as far as we have historical facts for guidance, must be held unforgivably responsible for her husband's innocent act in deserting her and taking up with another woman. * * * The naked facts arrayed in the book establish Shelley's guilt in that one episode which disfigures his otherwise superlatively lofty and beautiful life, but the historian's careful and methodical misinterpretation of them transfers the responsibility to the wife's shoulders—as he persuades himself. The few meagre facts of Harriet Shelley's life, as furnished by the book, acquit her of offence, but by calling in the forbidden helps of rumor, gossip, conjecture, insinuation and innuendo, he destroys her character and rehabilitates Shelley's—as he believes."

"The Forum"

IN THE JULY *Forum* Mr. Frederic R. Coudert discusses "The American Protective Association," and Prof. J. B. McMaster "The Riotous Career of the Know-Nothings," drawing attention to the similarity between the two movements. Mr. Frederic Harrison begins a series of studies of the Great Victorian Writers with an essay on "Carlyle's Place in Literature"; Mr. Theodore Roosevelt writes of "The Manly Virtues and Practical Politics"; there are three articles on Efforts Toward Clear Aims in Education: "Research the Vital Spirit of Teaching," by President G. S. Hall; "The Ideal Training of an American Boy," by Thomas Davidson; and "Will the Co-Educated Co-Educate their Children?" by Prof. Martha F. Crow. Dr. J. S. Billings presents an array of interesting statistics in "The Health of Boston and Philadelphia"; the Hon. Michael D. Harter explains, in "The Money that Would Rule the World," the principal features of a bill recently introduced in Congress; Mr. Montgomery Schuyler inquires into the causes of "The Government's Failure as a Builder"; and Mr. R. de Cordova gives an actor's experience in "The Stage as a Career."

CARLYLE'S "CROMWELL"

"It is a rare honor for any writer," says Mr. Frederic Harrison in his article on Carlyle, "to have his productions live beyond two generations, and to continue to be a great literary force, when fifty years have altered all the conditions in which he wrote and the purposes and ideas which he treated." He places "Cromwell" before "The French Revolution":—

"On the whole, we may count the 'Cromwell' as the greatest of Carlyle's effective products. With his own right hand alone and by a single stroke, he completely reversed the judgment of the English nation about their greatest man. The whole weight of Church, Monarchy, aristocracy, fashion, literature and wit, had for two centuries combined to falsify history and distort the character of the noblest of English statesmen. And a simple man of letters, by one book, at once and forever reversed this sentence, silenced the allied forces of calumny and rancor, and placed Oliver for all future time as the greatest hero of the Protestant movement. There are few examples in the history of literature of so great and so sudden a triumph of truth and justice. At the same time, it is well to remember that the 'Cromwell' is not a literary masterpiece, in the sense of being an organic work of high art. It is not the 'Life' of Cromwell: it was not so designed, and was never so worked out. It is his 'Letters and Speeches,' illustrated by notes. A work so planned cannot possibly be a work of art, or a perfect piece of biography. The constant passage from text to commentary, from small print to large, from Oliver's Puritan sermonizing to Carlyle's Sartorian eccentricities, destroys the artistic harmony of the book as an organic work of art. The 'Life' of Cromwell was in fact never written by Carlyle; and has yet to be written. Never yet was such splendid material for a 'Life' prepared by a great historian."

CO-EDUCATION

Prof. Martha F. Crow of the Chicago University analyzes the answers of 133 members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae to the question whether the women who have been graduated at co-educational colleges and are now married will send their children to co-educational institutions.

"A fair summing up," she says, "of the opinions expressed in

the letters of these thoughtful women would seem to be that co-education in its ideal form offers the best advantages to both men and women, intellectually, socially, morally, and physically; but that, because of the imperfect development of human beings, this ideal form nowhere exists as yet; that, under present conditions, there are serious difficulties under both systems, but that these difficulties are more likely to be advantageously met in the long run under the system of co-education than in separate schools. Probably all the ladies addressed would, if directly asked, agree that it is well, in the present still transitional state of the history, that all experiments should be tried; that the separate and the co-ordinate, the free-and-easy and the supervised—every form and variation—should be brought forth, until we prove all things and are able to hold fast that which is best. Surely we are going slowly enough for thorough testing, as many, many women know to their sorrow; yet the gain may be in the end more certain for the delay."

THE GOVERNMENT'S ARCHITECTURE

"It is not too much to say," declares Mr. Schuyler, "that, for the past decade and more, the Government architecture of the United States has been more discreditable than the architectural work of any other nation in the world, civilized, half-civilized or barbarous." He draws special attention to the fact that

"One of the obstacles—pointed out by Mr. Potter in the report already quoted from—to the production of good architecture under 'the system,' was the uniformity of the problems presented to the Supervising Architect. The objects for which the buildings erected in this office are constructed are, with very slight exceptions, so nearly alike, that the difficulty, the impossibility, of endowing them with variety and individuality, must be apparent. That is to say, the problem is the satisfaction in many buildings of requirements virtually the same. When a designer has solved this problem in one instance to his own satisfaction, he must either virtually repeat his solution in another, or the alternative solution will be less satisfactory. . . . The only way of obtaining variety is the fatal method of varying designs for variety's sake, and adding 'features' that are not called for by the requirements, and that have nothing to do with the building."

"Lippincott's Magazine"

CAPT. CHARLES KING'S "Captain Close" is the complete novel in the July *Lippincott's*; Louise Stockton begins a two-part story, "A Mass of Pottage"; Mr. Richard Hamilton Potts contributes a character-sketch in "At Marrini's"; and "A Case of Hoodoo," by William Cecil Elam, is an amusing story of Negro superstition. Mr. Francis Leon Chrisman gives some information about "The Conscience Fund" and its contributors in all parts and classes of the country; Ellen Olney Kirk sketches the importance and autocracy of the "Roman Nurse"; Elizabeth Morris describes the dark and bright sides of the life of "Mill-Girls"; Mr. H. V. Brown remembers "A Scattered Sect: the 'Army of the Lord'"; there is some more useful information in the "Talks with the Trade"; and there are poems by William S. Lord, Celia A. Haywood and Zoe D. Underhill.

"SORROW IN SUMMER"

Mr. William S. Lord contributes the following sonnet:—

"The glad, green hills uprise to sadden me;
The happy, sunlit vales I see through tears;
The laughter-loving brooks offend my ears
With mirthful music; every gleeful tree,
That claps its myriad hands in jollity,
The spectre of some dear, dead joy appears;
The dancing sunbeams mock unnumbered fears;
Though soft the winds, they blow full bitterly,
The mask of gladness Nature gayly wears
No more deceives the eyes made clear by grief;
I know the chill her secret bosom bears;
Nor Summer's warmth, nor beauty, brings relief.
As cold and white and pure as drifted snow
My Love's asleep the smiling sod below."

ABILITY vs. JUDGMENT

Regarding the plea that the character of a story or article should not be allowed to outweigh its literary merits, a writer says, in the "Talks with the Trade":—

"Erring brother, do you suppose people care chiefly to see how nicely you can turn your periods? Not at all; what they care about is 'the character of the story.' Don't you know that 'literary

merit' is shown as much in the selection and management of your subject-matter as in anything else? And you must consider the audience you are aiming at—its prejudices, if you like. In France they don't seem to mind indecency; here we mind it very much, and when M. Zola takes his theme from the slums, it outweighs his talent with most of us. A decent magazine does not want arguments for free love or defences of adultery; however neatly or forcibly they may be put. Nor (as a rule) does it want essays on deism and agnosticism, nor discussions of the views of Dr. Briggs or other controverted topics. Why should the editor risk scaring off half his subscribers to oblige a solitary stranger? . . . He who wishes to upset accepted opinions, or propound a doctrine offensive to many, should "hire a hall" or start a publication of his own, and preach to those only who care to hear that sort of doxy. The idea that ability *per se* is everything . . . is Arcadian in its simplicity. In this world ability has to exercise and discipline itself before it deserves and can command a hearing at all."

"BOB-O'-LINCOLN"

Miss Celia A. Haywood's song is a graceful tribute to the bobolink:—

"Lightly tilting,
Gayly liting,
Bob-o'-lincoln swings and sings,
Liquid strain of melting sadness,
Drowned in sudden burst of gladness,
Bob-O'-Lincoln sings and swings.
Jolly rogue in priestly gown!
Down and up, and up and down,
With the wind-tossed meadow daisies
Lightly tilting,
To the listening meadow daisies
Gayly liting,
Love-note clear, but rippling after,
Saucy, happy, bubbling laughter,
Merry heart, both brave and tender,
I to thee my homage render.
Swing and sing among the daisies,
To the sunny June thy praises lend;
Joy and thou should mate together,
In the fragrant, fair June weather."

"The Cosmopolitan"

THE NUMBER OPENS WITH an illustrated article on "Beauty," by M. E. W. Sherwood; Mrs. P. M. Goulee talks of "Training a Butterfly," her paper being delicately illustrated by Mr. Hamilton Gibson; Elizabeth T. Spring gives some account of "An Unconquered People"—the Basques; Mr. J. Howe Adams describes and reproduces in illustrations some rare "Napoleonic Medals"; Gen. A. W. Greely tells of the South Pole and what is known about it in "Antarctica"; Mme. Adam treats of Koosuth's career. There are three short stories: "Raking Straw," by Julian Gordon, "The Den of the Grey Wolf," by C. G. D. Roberts, and "Ruth Herrick's Assignment," by Elizabeth G. Jordan. Mr. Howells continues to demonstrate how thoroughly, irredeemably and exasperatingly lower-middle-class are the culture and the social life of the Altrurian commonwealth. "First and Last" is the name of a poem by Florence E. Coates. The departments of Arts and Letters and Science contain the usual reviews and news.

NAPOLEONIC MEDALS

Mr. J. Howe Adams's article on "Some Rare Napoleonic Medals" is well worthy of attention. Among its many illustrations is a reproduction of a medal struck in honor of the unfortunate little King of Rome, whose features and form of head show a marvellous likeness to his great father.

"The first medal on which Napoleon figures," we are told, "was struck in the year 1796, when the French engravers were ordered to reproduce his cadaverous face, with its melancholy, hungry look, and his long, uncombed hair. Napoleon had just been made general; he had just been able to get good food, and he had just married Josephine—the three great events of his early life. It was the first victory gained by Napoleon after his appointment to the command of the army of Italy, in 1796, that brought out the first medal of this series which commemorates every important event in his subsequent career. This medal, struck in honor of the great victory won at Montenotte, stands at the head of a list of medals which, for artistic conception and beauty of workmanship, rival the classic coinage of Greece and Rome.

"Among the issues are some curious conceits, such as one show-

ing Diogenes blowing out his light and pointing to a portrait of Napoleon, as he exclaims, 'Je l'ai trouve' (I have found him). The last Josephine medal was issued in 1809, when a realistic medal, by no means flattering, for the artists were weather-cocks which showed the way the wind was blowing, makes her a middle-aged woman."

THE BASQUE LANGUAGE AND MUSIC

Elizabeth T. Spring gives the following information in her article on "An Unconquered People":—

"Though the Basque is the most difficult of all languages to acquire, the smallest child, conscious of his own thought, can express himself perfectly in it. Each word depends upon the thought alone of the person who speaks. One word translates will, desire, fancy, thought. There is no expression for abstract ideas, and few expressions which imply collectivity, or generalization. . . . Humboldt, who has written with great learning on this subject, says that, in vigor, word-painting and locutions, this is the richest of all languages. This may be partly due to the fact that nouns, pronouns and adjectives change into verbs at will, and verbs may be transformed into nouns and adjectives. Every part of speech, and even the letters of the alphabet, are declined like nouns, and adjectives are conjugated like verbs. As might be inferred, the literature is scant, and poor in works of imagination. Their music, for the same reason, is simple; while plaintive, passionate, and sweet, it returns always to the same note. Rossini passed one summer in Cambo, and it is said his compositions ever after showed the Basque influence. 'Yankee Doodle,' 'God Save the Queen' and 'I Want to be an Angel,' are originally Basque airs."

"McClure's Magazine"

THE JULY *McClure's* opens with a poem, "From a Lover's Diary," by Mr. Gilbert Parker. Miss Alice MacGowan deals with cattle-branding in "The Heraldry of the Plains"; Miss Ida M. Tarbell explains the work of the Paris municipal laboratory in "A Chemical Detective Bureau"; and there is an article on "Homestead, as Seen by One of its Workmen." "Alphonse Daudet at Home" contains the great French author's own account of his life and work, as reported by Mr. R. H. Sherard; there is a prize-story, "Told in Confidence," by Celia Eliza Shute, and two other short stories, "An Ingenue of the Sierras," by Bret Harte, and "The Revolt of the ——" a Page from the Domestic History of the Twentieth Century," by Robert Barr. Mr. Stevenson concludes "The Ebb Tide," and the Human Documents consist of series of portraits of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and of Capt. Charles King.

ALPHONSE DAUDET

M. Daudet declares, in the interview reported by Mr. Sherard, that since 1878 he has never received less than 100,000 francs yearly for his plays and novels. His literary methods he describes as follows:—

"My way of working is irregularity itself. Sometimes I work for eighteen hours a day, and day after day. At other times I pass months without touching a pen. I write very slowly, and revise and revise. I am never satisfied with my work. My novels I always write myself. I never could dictate a novel. As to my plays, I used formerly to dictate them. That was when I could walk. I had a certain talent in my legs. Since my illness I have had to abandon that mode of work, and I regret it. I am an improvisator, and in this respect differ from Zola. I am now writing a novel about youth, called 'Le Soutien de Famille,' and these note-books of mine will show you my way of work. This is the first book. It contains, as you see, nothing but notes and suggestions. The passages which are scratched out with red or blue pencil are passages of which I have already made use. This is the second page. You see only one page is written upon, the opposite one being left blank. Opposite each first composition I write the amended copy. The page on the right is the improved copy of the page on the left. After that I shall rewrite the whole. So that, leaving the notes out of consideration, I write each manuscript three times running, and, if I could, would write it as many times more; for, as I have said, I am never satisfied with my work. I am a feverish and spasmodic worker, but when in the mood can work very hard. When the fit is upon me, I allow nothing to interrupt me, not even leaving my writing-table for meals. I have my food brought to my desk, eat hurriedly, and set to work before digestion begins. Thus I anticipate the drowsiness that digestion

always brings with it, and escape its consequences. Now that I am ill, however, I do not often have those periods of splendid energy. I can produce only very slowly."

"The New England Magazine"

IN THE JULY NUMBER of this magazine Mr. George S. Boutwell speaks of "Kossuth in New England"; Mr. Charles Gordon Ames contributes a poem, "The Old-Time Yankee Farmer"; Dorothy Prescott continues the narrative of "A Castle of Ice"; Mr. J. H. Vaill gives an account of "Connecticut at the World's Fair"; Mr. E. C. Plummer tells the glorious story of "The Privateer 'Dash'"; Mr. William Clarke speaks of "The Life of the London Working-Classes"; Miss Sarah Orne Jewett writes of "The Old town of Berwick"; Mr. William H. Rideing takes the reader to "The Land of Lorna Doone"; Frances M. Abbott has a short story, "Honey out of the Lion"; Mr. Samuel C. Williams has chosen "The First Abolition Journals" for his subject; "The Fate of Clyde Moorfield, Yachtsman," by Caroline Ticknor, and "The Burying of the Hatchet," by Abbie Farwell Brown, are short stories; and "Loss and Gain," by Ellen M. Duncan, and "Unrecorded Heroes," by Charles Gordon Rogers, two poems. Several of the articles are well illustrated.

"The Review of Reviews"

A PORTRAIT OF Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N., forms the frontispiece of the number. Among the topics treated in its pages are the diminishing numbers of the unemployed, the Miners' Conference at Berlin, the fall of the Casimir-Perier Ministry in France, the Anglo-Belgian Agreement and the objections of France, the resignation of Stambuloff in Bulgaria, the problem of the British House of Lords, ministerial changes in England, and the Inter-Colonial Conference at Ottawa. There is an interview with Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor; Mr. Albert Shaw describes the personality of Mr. John V. Allen, the junior Senator from Nebraska; the "New Sectionalism" between the East and the West in this country is discussed at length; and Mr. Stead has chosen "Coxeyism," which we had just begun to forget, for his character-sketch. Among the illustrations are portraits of Mr. Goff, Sir George Williams, the founder of the Y. M. C. A., the late William Walter Phelps and Prof. William D. Whitney, M. Casimir-Perier and Prof. Henry Drummond.

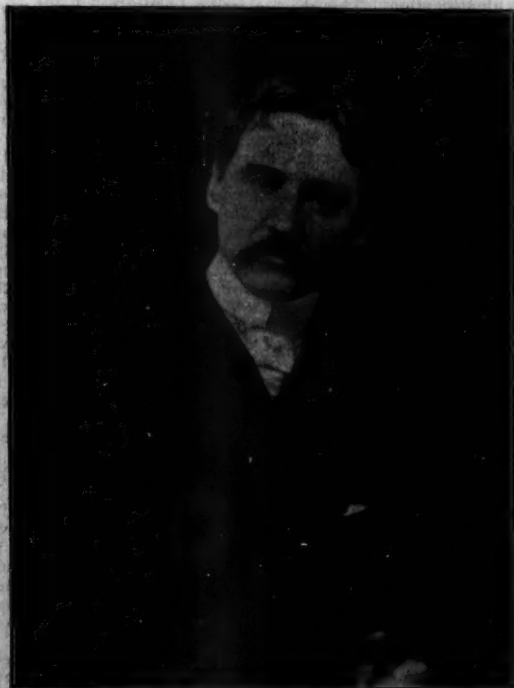
The June "Nineteenth Century"

ON ITS FACE, Mr. G. W. Smalley's *Nineteenth Century* article, "Checks on Democracy in America," looks like a laudable effort to enlighten the English reader with regard to the Constitution of the United States. Reading between the lines, however, one easily recognizes a plea for the retention of that dangerous and anomalous institution, the British House of Lords. The Presidential veto is barely noticed, and the stress of the argument is laid on the wholesomely conservative function of the Senate. Yet we all know that the action of the Senate is not always or necessarily more conservative than that of the House. It was not the Senate that saved the country from financial ruin in President Grant's second term. "America," says Mr. Smalley, "does not cry out against her Senate. She remonstrates, entreats, argues, but she does not propose to destroy in a moment of petulance a part of the fabric of government which again and again has vindicated its title to respect." "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on't." But the implied analogy can scarcely be said to exist. Remember that the Anglican Bishops are entitled to speak and vote in the House of Lords; that the whole body of so-called "representative" Scottish peers is practically chosen by the leader of the English Tories; that, as hereditary legislators, the Lords are independent of public opinion, and that there is no constitutional means of overriding their veto, except the clumsy expedient (from which Ministries naturally shrink) of creating new peers from the ranks of the popular party. At present it would be necessary to create at least a hundred peers in order to bring the Upper House into line with the Lower. Mr. Smalley says that "the Senate is the best friend of democracy, for it compels democracy to think twice." But if the American democracy were compelled by an irresponsible, irremovable, non-representative second chamber to think, not merely twice, but ten or even twenty times, how long would such a chamber be tolerated? Indeed, Mr. Smalley's article gives evidence that he is not altogether in touch with American sentiment. One smiles, too, on reading that "the freedom of the individual to make his own bargain, the

obligation of the bargain when made, the right to work, independently of dictation or prohibition from others" are ideas which are deeply rooted in the American mind. M. Smalley's patriotic optimism is better founded where he says of the Republic:—"Broad-based as it is, and ever has been, upon the will of the people, it is based upon the permanent, and not upon the shifting, occasional, transitory will of the people. Principle governs, not impulse—an idea and not a caprice. The wind bloweth where it listeth, but the Republic has stood foursquare to all the blasts."

The Lounger

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed to office no more accomplished literary man than Mr. Charles de Kay, whose nomination as Consul General at Berlin was sent to the Senate on June 26. A grandson of the poet Joseph Rodman Drake, he was born at Washington in 1848, and at the age of twenty was graduated from Yale, where he had studied Sanskrit under Prof. Whitney. From the age of nine to thirteen he had lived in Germany, and in his early manhood, more as a recreation than a task, he translated into English, from the archaic original, a considerable part of the Nibelungen Lied. He knows several languages besides his own, but none better than that of the country to which the President has signified his wish to send him. Since 1876 Mr. de Kay has been in the service of *The New York Times*, filling the posts of literary critic, art critic and editorial writer. He has written four volumes in verse ("The Vision of Nimrod" and its sequel, "The Vision of Esther," "Hesperus, and Other Poems" and "The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval") and two in prose ("The Bohemian," a story, and "The Life and Work of Antoine Louis Barye") and has contributed articles on old Ireland and other subjects to *The Century*, art criticisms to *Harper's Weekly*, *The Magazine of Art* and occasionally *The Critic*, and stories, travel sketches and papers showing special research to some of these as well as to other periodicals. He suggested the establishment of the Authors Club and was one of its founders; the Sculpture Society, of which he is the Treasurer, was organized last year at his house; and he was one of the founders of the Fencers Club, of which he is the President. He was, moreover, one of the incorporators of the City Club, and is an active member of Good Government Club E., and to the lively interest thus evinced in the political reformation of this city will be due any opposition to his appointment that may manifest itself in the Senate. Before adopting journalism as a profession, Mr. de Kay served an apprenticeship in a business



CHARLES DE KAY

office in this city. He is a man of athletic build and a lover of outdoor sports as well as archaeology, and his nomination to Berlin is calculated to reflect credit upon the consular service of the country.

CERTAIN REVIEWERS of Mrs. John Richard Green's "Town Life in the fifteenth Century" have thought that they had discovered in her agreeable style the secret of the charm of her husband's "Short History of the English People"—not that they suspected the husband of having made use of his wife's gifts as a writer, but that she might have influenced his manner of treating the subject. This theory is at once confuted by Mrs. Green herself, who in a



MRS. GREEN

letter I received from her a few days ago said that she did not know Mr. Green until after the "Short History" was written. Mrs. Green's "Town Life" is a worthy companion to her husband's "Short History." She takes a subject that in the hands of most historians would be dry reading, but infuses so much of her own interesting personality into it that she makes its pages sparkle and gleam with interest.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the London Library a few days ago, Mr. Leslie Stephen in the chair, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, proposed to fill certain vacancies in the committee by the election of St. George Mivart, Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mrs. John Richard Green. Mr. Lecky said that Mrs. Green was the first lady ever brought forward for the committee, and he thought that the question of sex should not tell for or against a member in this matter. The one thing to consider was efficiency, and no one could doubt Mrs. Green's qualification in that respect. No one *did* doubt it, and she was elected.

THE PARIS *Figaro's* correspondent at Rome has interviewed some one in authority, and learned that M. Zola's "Lourdes" has not incurred the condemnation of the Church. In the first place, if anything were going to be done, it would not be until after the publication of the story in book-form, July 15; in the second, the Church rarely turns its attention toward novels; and in the third, it does nothing hastily. In the mean time the story is being well advertised. How much this helps the circulation of the *Herald*, who shall say? In Paris the story is eagerly read; but no American newspaper has ever been able to say how much its sales have been affected by the publication of serial stories. Indeed, the magazines, where they are supposed to be the most alluring bait, have no practical knowledge on the subject. They know of a few instances where certain novels published serially have had a certain effect, but about the effect of the "general run" of serials they are in the dark.

THAT TOUCH OF THE THEATRICAL that seems to run in the French blood is in nothing more noticeable than in the draping in black of the statues of Alsace and Lorraine in the Place de la Concorde, Paris. It has recently broken out on the stage itself. M. Coquelin having received an offer to act in Munich accepted it, feeling that German marks were quite as marketable as French francs or American dollars. At such a want of patriotism on his part all Paris is indignant. M. Paul de Cassagnac cannot speak too

bitterly of M. Coquelin's conduct. Even the fascinating Mlle. Yvette Guilbert has taken a hand in the controversy, and suggests that, if M. Coquelin does take the hated German money, he should at least give half of it to the poor of Paris. The suggestion is worthy of the warm heart of the popular singer, but M. Coquelin has too much of the thrifty spirit of his countrymen to act upon it. He might retort that Mlle. Yvette should practice what she preaches, and divide her English guineas with the poor of Paris; but she has anticipated the suggestion by saying that France and England are now the best of friends, while Germany will always be the Frenchman's enemy. Meanwhile M. Coquelin is packing his rouge-pots and wigs preparatory to reaping the golden harvest that is to reward his daring.

MME. SARAH GRAND is preparing herself for her American tour by reading in public in London. At a recent entertainment for the benefit of the poor of Spitalfields she read the poem to "The Heavenly Twins." According to a London paper, "it was truly interesting to see the creator of Evadne, Angelica and the Boy on the platform, in dainty black, relieved by a wreath of roses under the brim of her hat. She read in a clear voice, though somewhat nervously, the opening chapter of the much-discussed Twins."

I SOMETIMES regret that the scope of *The Critic* is not broader than it is—that it is not broader than that of a literary journal *must* be. I regret it particularly this week, for I should like to compliment Senator Davis on his courageous, sensible and statesmanlike reply to the railroad men who asked him to back them up in the "sympathetic" strike that has brought Chicago to the verge of famine, if not of war; and to congratulate the long-suffering people of the United States that some of their representatives in Congress have a conception of their duty that excludes the idea of buying stocks for a rise that their own votes may bring about, of unfairly fostering the interests of capital, or of trucking to the laboring classes with a view to securing votes. As it is, I can only say that, merely as a bit of literature, Senator Davis's telegram will repay perusal.

FOR THE BENEFIT of readers in Milwaukee and farther West, I must explain that my suggestion that the word "Male" be stricken from the letter-boxes was a jest that depended for its prosperity wholly upon the hearer's knowledge that a large number of the women of New York have petitioned the Constitutional Convention, now in session at Albany, to recommend to the voters of the State that the word "Male" be stricken from the Constitution.

I SHOULD BE very glad if some one would direct me to a thoroughly good article on the "seventeen-year locusts" that have been covering the tree-trunks with their discarded shells and filling the air with their dissonant drummings during the past six weeks or so. I should particularly like to know what form the activity of these noisy insects took, during the protracted period of their adolescence—before they began to bore holes in the surface of the earth, and to make bee-lines for the trees from which they dropped, as eggs, shortly after President Hayes entered upon his four years' term in the White House.

London Letter

THE BOOKS WHICH are mentioned as likely to prove the successes of the forthcoming autumn publishing season are so far principally biographical. About the importance of one or two there can be no question, and I doubt whether any will be more entertaining than the "Table-Talk" of the late Dr. Jowett of Balliol, which is understood to be undergoing collation. The book will be valuable for two reasons. In the first place, it is safe to be eminently spirited and suggestive, for Dr. Jowett had an intensely clever, if somewhat caustic, way of expounding his views, and the good things which he said are without number. Again, an authoritative collection of his *obiter dicta* is greatly needed, because stories of him have multiplied with new generations of undergraduates, and have been incorrectly repeated by scores of journalists, so that half his best *mots* have been crippled by unintelligent garbling and many jests attributed to him which are altogether unworthy of his scholarly and always well-bred wit. All old Oxford men, I think, will welcome the promised volume, which will, of course, appeal to a far wider circle than that of the graduates of his University. Then, it is not improbable that in the autumn we shall have the life and letters of the late Lord Coleridge, whose funeral, attended by all Her Majesty's judges, is actually taking place while I am writing these lines. Here, too, there will be abundance of good material. In a very different line, but of no less interest to many, will be the reminiscences of Mr. Henry Russell, the veteran composer of such popular songs as "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." Recollections which extend over something like 70 years, and embrace all classes of men and women, are certain to be attractive and versatile. The volume has been edited by a grandson of Mr. Russell's and

by an accomplished journalist, and is thus secured from the unnecessary garrulity which is apt to spoil the reminiscences of extreme old age. It is likely that the work will be ready soon.

When two rival editors join in collaboration, the lion indeed lies down with the lamb. When these two editors are, in their several ways, a pair of the ablest men in London, the public may reasonably anticipate a literary treat of no mean order as the result of their labors. Now, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who is responsible for *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sketch* and *The English Illustrated*, has joined hands with Dr. Robertson Nicoll of *The Bookman* and *The British Weekly*, and between them they have produced a fresh narration of the life of the Brontës, which will attract as much attention in America, I imagine, as it will in this country. The work will abound in novelty. Personal reminiscences from living acquaintances of the Brontë circle have fallen into the hands of the collaborators, and a number of letters from the sisters will now be printed for the first time. The book cannot fail to be an important addition to biographical literature, and the familiar skill of its authors is a guarantee that the rich material they have acquired will be turned to the very best use.

In the world of drama the events of the week have been the visit of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, about whom critics and interviewers have found nothing new to say, and the production, at the Adelphi, of a poor melodrama, with the Trollope-like title of "Shall We Forgive Her?" The play seems to be neither better nor worse than the generality of its class, but its appearance is of interest because the cast includes Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson), who, after a long allegiance to Mr. Tree's Haymarket Company, have at last "declined upon a lower range of feelings" and a cruder method. Their new departure brought an unusually interesting audience to the Adelphi on Wednesday. Miss Marian Terry was in the stalls, and Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. Hanbury, Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Lionel Rignold represented stage interests in various parts of the house. The newcomers were heartily welcomed and scored a decided success, but lovers of higher drama will hope that before long they will return to their earlier love.

Some weeks ago Mr. Herbert Vivian, sometime editor of *The Whirlwind*, and Mr. W. H. Wilkins put forth a novel entitled "The Green Bay Tree," which has attracted some notice, because it was understood that most of the characters in it were sketched from life. Reviewers have differed largely in the estimates of a book which, at any rate, does not run on the side of artistic delicacy, but it seems to have served its purpose as a puzzle in identification. This week a scribe in *To-Day* has been at pains to publish an entire cast of the caricatures, which appears to include half the political world. Among the people represented are Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Keir Hardie, Dr. Tanner, Mr. T. M. Healy, Lord Athlumney, Admiral Maxse, Lady Jeune, Lady Dorothy Nevill, the Bishop of Bedford and Miss Bessie Bellwood. In all, *To-Day* identifies forty-two characters, a performance which goes to prove that the authors of the story are singularly deficient in the art of original portraiture. It is probable that certain of the people represented will scarcely relish the figures they cut in these pages. Is it not time that this sort of literature were voted bad taste, and tabooed by the public libraries? By the bye, one of the collaborators, Mr. Wilkins, is about to betake himself to editorship. With the July number he allies himself with Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin in the management of her periodical, *The Humanitarian*, and it is announced that that organ will henceforth make a bid for a higher place than it has hitherto held in the field of journalism. Its table-of-contents is to embrace "the best names" only—a programme, however, assiduously followed by every review of the hour, successful or otherwise. The pursuit of names is the hourly trouble of the modern editor: the original spirit of the future will seek a sensation by printing the Unknown only.

Is the rage for the autograph letter declining? At a sale at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's, on Tuesday, a number of letters addressed to Southey by various friends came into the market. Among them were communications from Sir E. L. Bulwer, N. P. Willis, Alan Cunningham, Thomas Bewick, Joanna Baillie and Harrison Ainsworth. "The riches of the ship," however, consisted of a series of letters from Caroline Bowles; but the whole collection, which is supposed to contain much valuable material bearing upon Southey's life, was knocked down to a dealer for thirty shillings. Unless the rage for autographs is dead, that dealer ought to get a handsome interest upon his outlay.

In the world of fiction two welcome announcements are made. That omnivorous editor, Mr. George Newnes, will in a few weeks begin, in the pages of *TW-BITS*, the serial publication of Mr. Walter Besant's latest novel, which is to be called "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice." And in October *The English Illustrated* will print the first of a series of short stories by Mr. Stanley Weyman, "From the Diary of a Minister." There are to be twelve of these sketches in all: they are historical in character, and the scene is France in the time of Henry of Navarre.

LONDON, June 22, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

ALL HONOR to President Eliot, was the song at Harvard Commencement Day this year, when the chief executive of the College found his twenty-fifth anniversary in the Presidency celebrated with marked and well-deserved honors. The handsome gold medal prepared by the alumni was presented at the Commencement dinner by Joseph H. Choate of New York. It is doubtful whether Mr. Choate had ever been in a more eloquent mood, and many of the facts that he outlined were interesting. For instance, he told of the day, twenty-five years ago, when it was his good fortune to welcome, at the Commencement dinner of that year, the new President in the name of the young alumni. It was considered, he said, a wild, bold and startling departure from all the traditions of the College to call to the Presidency a mere youth of 35, a layman and a teacher of science. The aged graduates, from 1800 down, looked a little blue. Speech after speech was made by dignified, venerable orators, full of praise of Harvard's past, but without any allusion to, or word of cheer for, its young President, who was about to take its destinies upon his shoulders. At last, as the sun's declining rays shot horizontally across Harvard Hall, the presiding officer, in a moment of absence of mind, called upon one of Mr. Eliot's admirers, who had known him from boyhood, who believed in his possibilities, and who then, as now, was willing to say what he thought; and immediately the audience turned its back on the past and looked to the future. That future had been successfully met by President Eliot. In response, President Eliot thanked the alumni for their words of appreciation, paid a generous, warm-hearted tribute to the other professors in the College, and declared that the influence of Harvard during eight generations of men might be summed up in two words—truth and freedom. "She has never been welcome," he said, "never congenial to any sort of despot, bigot, or fanatic, and she never will be." Most assuredly, President Eliot has accomplished, in the direction of Harvard College, not only a great, but a wonderful work. His modesty does not allow him to assume the whole credit, but it must be said clearly that without him Harvard could never at this time have reached the plane of leadership it now holds.

Literary people will be interested to know that the class of the late Francis Parkman (1844) chose him to respond on Commencement Day. The Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, who took Mr. Parkman's place, alluded to this fact and said that Mr. Parkman had been much pleased to learn of his selection. Being in feeble health, the historian had asked whether he might be permitted to speak while sitting, and had been told in reply that he might sit in his chair and his classmates would raise him above their shoulders, if necessary. Honorary degrees of LL.D. were presented to Profs. John Fiske and James B. Thayer, to ex-Profs. George M. Lane and David W. Cheever, and to Mr. Horace H. Furness, the Shakespearian scholar, while D.D. was added to the names of the Rev. Henry Van Dyke of New York and the Rev. Grindall Reynolds of Boston.

In the front ranks of the alumni on Commencement Day, and on Phi Beta Kappa day as well, stood the Rev. S. F. Smith, '29—the oldest alumnus present. The well-known author of "America" was also and appropriately found in the front ranks at Saunders Theatre while the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge spoke eloquently upon the need of true patriotism, giving a warning to the College against breeding youthful critics of our nation. The poet of Phi Beta Kappa day was the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, the successor of the Rev. Henry W. Ballows, D.D., in All Souls' Church, New York.

The Commencement at Radcliffe College was the first in its history, and therefore notable. It marked the first signing of diplomas to women by the President of Harvard College, the degrees bearing not only the signature of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, President of Radcliffe College, but also that of Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard. "This is the fulfilling of a long-cherished wish," said Mrs. Agassiz. "We have reached the summit towards which we have been climbing, and the outlook of to-day, with a class of 33 graduates, compared with that of the first commencement, with a class of 4, is of the brightest." President Eliot, too, spoke of the encouragement in this alliance and predicted that it would probably be the first of many. He believed that the union was not alone in favor of the higher education of women, but doubtless also in the interests of the education of men. Probably the future education of women would differ widely in its courses from the courses pursued by men, so that the elective principle would be a characteristic feature of Radcliffe College. Translated into English by its author, the first degree of Radcliffe College reads as follows:—

The President and Associates of Radcliffe College to all whom these presents may come, greeting.

Inasmuch as M. N., a student of yours, has performed with distinguished credit the requirements imposed by our academic rule and custom upon candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, having moreover attained honors in Classics, we have admitted her, with the consent of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, as required by law, to that

degree, and have granted to her all the privileges and distinctions thereto appertaining. In testimony whereof we have caused this instrument to be given at Cambridge on the 25th day of June, 1894, and attested by our seal, to be signed by our President.

(Signed)

ELIZABETH CARY AGASSIZ,
President of Radcliffe College.

Whereas, Radcliffe College has admitted M. N., to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, we, the President and Fellows of Harvard College, on due inquiry, certify, by our seal, and the signature of the President hereto affixed, that she was qualified to be admitted, and that the degree is equivalent in all respects to the one to which in like case we admit our students.

(Signed)

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT,
President of Harvard College.

On August 16, the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of William Cullen Bryant will be celebrated on the Hampshire Hills. The anniversary itself occurs on Nov. 3, but an earlier date has been chosen, in order that there may be a large gathering at the Cummings homestead of the poet. The presiding officer will be Mr. Parke Godwin of New York. The invocation will be pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, and the oration delivered by Mr. Edward R. Brown of Elmwood, Ill. It is hoped that poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Julia Ward Howe will be read. Among the invited speakers are Mr. John H. Bryant of Princeton, Ill., the brother, and Miss Julia Bryant, the daughter of the author of "Thanatopsis." Charles Dudley Warner, George W. Cable, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes, Pres. G. Stanley Hall, Gov. Greenhalge, Dr. John W. Chadwick and Joseph Choate.

BOSTON, July 3, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

CONVOCATION WEEK at the University of Chicago began last Saturday with a reception in the evening to graduating students. Sunday afternoon a vesper service was held in Kent Hall, at which the President, Dr. Harper, addressed the graduates; and in the evening the convocation sermon was delivered by the Rev. W. M. Lawrence. Yesterday the incoming students for the summer classes were matriculated and work was assigned to them; and in the afternoon the alumni associations held meetings. But the event of the day was at four o'clock, when the convocation exercises were held in the quadrangle. The principal address was delivered by the Chief of the United States Coast Survey, Mr. T. C. Mendenhall, Ph.D., LL.D.; 25 students were graduated, and 75 fellowships and 12 scholarships awarded. The University was honored by the presence of a number of distinguished physicists, who came here chiefly to participate in the dedication of the Ryerson Physical Laboratory, which takes place to-day. Various conferences will be held, this morning's session being devoted to a discussion of methods of teaching; and in the afternoon Prof. Michelson will read a paper on "Measurements of Light Waves." The formal presentation of the beautiful Laboratory occurs this evening, when addresses will be delivered by Mr. Martin A. Ryerson, the donor; President Harper and Prof. Michelson.

The Trustees of the Field Columbian Museum have honored Mr. H. N. Higinbotham, who was President of the Directors of the World's Fair, by giving his name to one of the most interesting rooms at their disposal. The collections of gems and East Indian jewelry which it contains were among the last to be arranged, but they immediately attracted a large number of visitors. They were purchased by the Museum from Tiffany & Co. the sum of money paid for them being about equal to Mr. Higinbotham's generous gift. The collection was exhibited by Tiffany & Co. last summer in the Manufactures and the Mines Buildings, and is believed to be the most complete in existence. Mr. George F. Kuns, the well-known expert and writer on the subject, superintended the gathering of the collection and came on from New York to classify and arrange it at the Museum. It contains fine specimens of nearly all known gems, both cut and in their natural state. The display of amethysts is, perhaps, most imposing, because of the extraordinary beauty of their color, ranging from pale lavender with a suggestion of pink in it to deep but brilliant purple. A mass of the stones embedded in the rock is so gorgeous that it alone explains why purple is the royal color. The different methods of gem cutting are also illustrated in these amethysts. The topaz is displayed in the same case—the real gem, a rich golden yellow in color, and the topaz, almost as beautiful, which is made from smoky quartz. Several fine specimens of the latter are shown, also, and among them the largest crystal known. Precious gems of rare colors are here, the finest among them being two superb yellow sapphires, one of which weighs 99 karats and the other 66. There are beautiful opals, some of them from Mexico and others from the State of Washington; aquamarines from Maine, rubies from Georgia and turquoise from New Mexico. There are moss-agates and blood-stones and tiger-eyes; and with these is a curious specimen of chalcedony containing water, the imprisoned drop, which at some

far distant day will form an agate, being clearly visible. The famous Sun God opal from the Hope collection is also here. It is said to have been known in a Persian temple for three centuries, and the effect of this mystic head, with its elusive colors and its setting of golden flames, is certainly weird enough to excite superstition. A diamond engraved by De Vrees of Amsterdam is another exhibit, interesting as a curiosity and also as an example of misdirected labor. The collections of cameos and intaglios is a fine one, a number of specimens being displayed which were carved before 500 B.C. An Assyrian cylindrical seal is dated 300 years earlier. The cleverness of the old artificers in adapting their work to the construction of the stone and making the most of its colors is shown to advantage. A collection of pearls and shells with curious secretions is also interesting. The strangest specimen is the shell of a mussel, upon which figures of Buddha were made long ago by Chinese priests. They were modelled in tin-foil while the shell was still living, so that they have received a coating of nacre and look like phenomenal natural secretions. Jade, obsidian, amazon-stone, azurite and malachite also lend their riches to this feast of color.

In other cases around the sides of the room is arranged a remarkable collection of East India jewelry, which was also the property of Tiffany & Co., though its accumulation was the work of years of an enthusiast who travelled through India for the purpose. It should be interesting both to the goldsmith and the artist, and gives many a valuable idea to modern jewelers. The collection consists of three parts—one, containing ornaments made of pure gold, worn by the high caste alone; a second, containing silver jewelry worn by a lower caste; and a third, with objects made of base metal worn by the lowest caste. A fine artistic taste runs through all of this work, however, and adapts the craftsman's hand to the material he works in. The base-metal ornaments are heavy and cumbersome, but they are so well designed that their rude decoration is appropriate and effective. Much of the silverwork is beautiful with a rugged, half-barbarian beauty; and its ornamentation is in nearly every case felicitous. The gold jewelry is more delicate in design and is often decorated with gems and richly colored enamels. The catalogue announces that this is the most complete collection of the kind ever shown in a museum. It is certainly rare and fine, and gives one some insight into the desires and abilities of the people of India.

In the alcove outside Higinbotham Hall the Kunz collection of coins is placed. It contains about 400 specimens illustrating the metallurgy and mineralogy of coinage. There are examples of coins in many different metals and alloys, from gold and electrum down to tin, pewter and gun-metal. There are, even, coins made of lead, glass and porcelain. And among all these are some rare and famous specimens, like the double ducat of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the four-daler piece of Sweden, which weighs four pounds.

In many respects the long life of the late George P. A. Healy, which ended on June 24, was an enviable one. He gained the success he longed for; he achieved fame before the middle of the century, and he has painted many of the most famous men of his time both in France and America. He had an earnest, active life, worked hard and made the most of his ability. In his home he was particularly happy, his genial wife and his daughters who survive him being heartily devoted to his welfare. He divided his life between Paris and Chicago, and his residence during the past two years was in the latter city, where his warm-hearted hospitality and courtly gallantry gained him many friends. His was a lovable character, and although he seemed more French than American, he always retained his patriotic affection for the land of his birth. In his work he was thoroughly conscientious and made the most of himself; so that even at the last, at the age of eighty, he had not lost his ambition. He was a realist and no poet, but he painted many a fine, straightforward, honest portrait. His ideals were the ideals of the middle of the century, but it may be that the future will find them of greater value than our own. Many of his portraits are in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington; his "Webster's reply to Haynes" hangs in Faneuil Hall in Boston.

CHICAGO, July 3, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

Notes from Paris

ALL LITERARY and university Paris attended Mme. Renan's funeral last week. Her death was very sudden. It occurred on her "day." Later in the afternoon visitors actually called, to be told at the door that their friend was dead. On the previous Tuesday, just a week, almost to an hour, before her passing away, Mme. Renan talked to me of literary work which would occupy her for the next two or three years. As the carrying out of these plans now devolves on her son, M. Ary Renan, they may be briefly mentioned here.

The Levys are soon to bring out Renan's memorial to his sister, which was privately printed several years ago in an edition of only one hundred copies. A delay in the publication is caused by M. Ary Renan's not yet having completed some illustrations which are to appear in the new volume. This book will be fol-

lowed by two others—revised editions of Renan's papers on scientific and literary subjects now only to be found scattered through files of the publications of various European learned societies. Then will come a work sure to attract wide attention—a collection of letters exchanged between Renan and his sister when the former was at the theological seminary and the latter was governess in a famous Polish family whose name escapes me. At this time Renan was only beginning to waver in a faith which the sister had already abandoned. But there is nothing in these letters that will shock, for, while turning their backs on Rome, both sister and brother remained deeply religious. There are over a hundred of his letters in this collection, and when they are finally published, it will bring up to nearly fifty the number of Renan volumes issued by the Levys, who, by the way, have often been charged with exploiting the author. But a friend of both the Levys and the Renans assured me last week that there is no truth in this charge; that, on the contrary, the publishers have paid over to the Renan family more than half a million, the exact figures, as they were given me, being 685,000 francs, and that the copyrights are now bringing in to M. Ary Renan and his sister something like five or six thousand francs a year. In this connection I may add on my own account that, though more than once I have heard Mme. Renan mention the Levys, I could not detect in her language any ill feeling toward them.

The name of Renan is just now associated in an indirect way with day-before-yesterday's elections at the French Academy, when were filled the seats made vacant by the deaths of Taine and Maxime du Camp. Here is this bit of academic *potin*. M. Challemeil-Lacour, President of the Senate, who succeeded to Renan's seat last winter, was not the candidate approved by the family of the deceased Academician. The famous chemist, M. Berthelot, Life Senator and one of Renan's colleagues at the College of France, was the choice of the family and friends. The "Immortals," however, preferred M. Challemeil-Lacour. But when the Renans heard what was to be the spirit of the beneficiary's address—it will be remembered that the new member always pronounces a eulogy on his predecessor,—neither they nor their friends would attend the ceremony. So when M. Henry Houssaye, who is a Bonapartist, came forward for Taine's chair, and the historian's widow objected to this candidature because she felt that M. Houssaye could not be fair to him who had, towards the close of life, written down in such a degree the first Napoleon that Princess Mathilde left her *p. p. c.* cards at his door, the dignified Academy, not wishing so soon to be again the scene of a scandal, forced Houssaye to give way to M. Albert Sorel. The tall, large figure and iron-gray moustache and hair of the new Academician suggest a retired colonel rather than a laborious and erudite historian.

Speaking of Academicians reminds me of a conversation I had the other day with M. Jules Simon. Though afflicted with a cataract on both eyes, he is as indefatigable with his pen as ever. His principal labor now is the preparation of a series of biographies of the deceased members of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, of which he has been Permanent Secretary since 1882. At present, M. Simon is doing for the minor members what he has already done for Guizot, Thiers, de Rémusat, etc. Charles Lucas, the celebrated French prison reformer, is the subject of the eulogy on which M. Simon is busily engaged at this moment.

Readers of the Paris newspapers during the past ten years or more have remarked Jules Simon's numerous articles, many of which are in the nature of recollections of men and politics, and all struck off with that finish of style and thought for which their author is noted. I have often wished that these scattered bits of historical data might be brought together into a volume and I was glad to learn that this will be done eventually, though not till after M. Simon's death, when his two sons—"both of whom are experienced editors," the father threw in parenthetically and contentedly—will undertake the work.

During this same conversation M. Jules Simon made a statement which has just got into print and has caused some little stir in Paris political and literary circles. So there is no objection to my repeating it. "MacMahon has not written any memoirs," remarked the former Prime Minister of the whilom Marshal-President; "he could not write. They are probably the work of M. Dufeulle." But this gentleman, who is a clever journalist and one of the Count of Paris's fuglemen, denies the allegation. The truth doubtless lies, as usual, half way between these two assertions. That the Duke of Magenta furnished at least the facts and the groundwork for his recollections cannot be doubted by those who have seen him at the National Library calling for books just like the humblest citizen; and that this material was "touched up" by a trained writer is also more than possible. For MacMahon was not a man of parts.

When M. Alfred Naquet, the ex-Senator and present member of the Chamber of Deputies, publishes his memoirs, nobody will question their authorship, for he proposes issuing two or three chapters during his lifetime. "Souvenirs of Gambetta" and "My Relations with Boulanger" should be interesting reading,

as Naquet saw much of Gambetta during the early days of the present Republic, and while "the brave general" was on the scene, Naquet was called "the brains of Boulangerism."

Notwithstanding statements to the contrary, M. Paul Bourget, the other of this week's Academicians, will give his new serial novel to the *Revue de Paris*, but not under the title "Une Idylle Tragique," as first announced. Among other contributions to this same periodical will be a play, "Critique de la Raison Pure," by M. Henri Meilhac; a study of landed property in the United States by the Marquis of Chasseloup-Loubat, who represented the civil engineers of France at the Chicago Exhibition; some souvenirs of his military life in India by the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of the Count of Paris; notes of travel in the Far East by the Duke's cousin, Prince Henry of Orleans, who left Marseilles a day or two ago on his way to Madagascar and Indo-China; another instalment of Balzac letters and some unpublished writings of Napoleon's youth. Though an essay on Kipling, by M. Andre Chevrillon, has already been announced, it has not been told that the author is a nephew of Taine.

The International Book Exhibition, which is to open at the Palais de l'Industrie as soon as the Salon closes, promises to be a really important and representative affair. I am assured that it will surpass in every respect what was seen in this department on the Champ de Mars in 1889; that the publishers, printers and paper manufacturers of the French provinces, who made rather a weak showing on that occasion, will now appear in force; that the Paris publishers will surpass themselves, and that several foreign countries—especially Austria and Belgium—are to be brilliantly represented. I am further informed that the United States will "do well"; but I am very skeptical on this point, for past examples show that the "Great Republic" becomes exceedingly little, I regret to say, whenever it appears at other World's Fairs than its own.

Mr. William O'Connor Morris, the English historian, writes me from Ireland that he is bringing out a new edition of his "Von Moltke," a biography which everybody should read who wishes to know the French side of the war of 1870-71.

I close with a note from St. Petersburg. I learn that our representative there, the Hon. Andrew D. White, is engaged in revising the series of articles which has been running so long in *The Popular Science Monthly* and that he purposes publishing them, probably in the autumn, with many changes and additions, under the title of "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." Mr. White has been engaged on this, his *magnum opus*, for many years and it will doubtless prove to be the standard work on the subject.

PARIS, June 2, 1894.

THEODORE STANTON.

The Western Association of Writers

PROVINCIALISM in the best sense of the word stamps the character of this association of writers, who gather chiefly from the State of Indiana and meet annually at Spring Fountain Park. It is an ideally beautiful spot, a veritable garden of Eden in which the disturbing fruit of the tree of knowledge still hangs unplucked. The cry of the dying century has not reached this body of workers, or else it has not been comprehended. There is no doubt in their souls, no unrest: apparently an abiding faith in God as he manifests himself through the sectional church, and overmastering love of their soil and institutions. Most of them are singers. Their native streams, trees, bushes and birds, the lovely country life about them, form the chief burden of their often too sentimental songs. Occasionally the voice of one of them reaches out across the prairies and is heard by the world beyond. For this is the soil, these are the conditions, and the Western Association of Writers are the typical human group which have given us James Whitcomb Riley, Mrs. Catherwood and Lew Wallace. Among these people are to be found an earnestness in the acquirement and dissemination of book-learning, a clinging to past and conventional standards, an almost Creolean sensitiveness to criticism and a singular ignorance of, or disregard for, the value of the highest art forms. There is a very, very big world lying not wholly in northern Indiana, nor does it lie at the antipodes, either. It is human existence in its subtle, complex, true meaning, stripped of the veil with which ethical and conventional standards have draped it. When the Western Association of Writers with their earnestness of purpose and poetic insights shall have developed into students of true life and true art, who knows but they may produce a genius such as America has not yet known.

ST. LOUIS, June 30, 1894.

KATE CHOPIN.

IT APPEARS that G. Colmore, the author of "A Daughter of Music," is Mrs. Georgina Dunn, the wife of a London barrister, Mr. Colmore Dunn, who lives near Hyde Park. She is slight and delicate in appearance, and is devoted to music and literature.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

A WASHINGTON dispatch dated June 27 reports a compromise in the matter of the World's Fair medal. Mr. St. Gaudens's design for the obverse, depicting the landing of Columbus, is accepted; but his nude man on the reverse is to be—not draped, but dropped, and something less shocking substituted for it. The accepted design is from drawings by Mr. Charles E. Barber, designer for the Philadelphia Mint. The figures in Mr. Barber's design wear clothes: to that extent they are preferable (in Secretary Carlisle's sight) to Mr. St. Gaudens's solitary man, who was as naked as an Indian. It is all very well to ask a sculptor of world-wide fame—an artist, moreover, who had begun his career as a maker of medallions—to design a medal for the United States Government, but it would never do to corrupt the American people by letting an undraped figure stand, unashamed, in their midst.

—Mr. Sargent's portrait of Miss Rehan is still unfinished. It shows the figure of the popular actress in profile. A fan, held in the right hand, rests lightly on the left. The face is turned toward the spectator.

—A new altarpiece at the church of the Paulist Fathers, designed by Mr. Robert Reid, is remarkable as the painter's most ambitious effort so far, and as one of the first indications of a desire on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy to employ American talent in the artistic decorations of their churches. The subject is the martyrdom of St. Paul. The apostle, clothed in white, kneels in the center of the picture in a space of light between two broader spaces of shadow. Behind him stands the executioner: and Roman soldiers, officials and Christians surround the group at a little distance. The color-scheme is all in pale tones, in which a delicate blue-grey predominates. The effect is very good and in keeping with the general color-scheme of the church, as laid down by Mr. John La Farge. That scheme, now being carried out, includes a main altar in gold mosaic and walls panelled with onyx and colored marbles. The architecture of the church is in a severe and primitive style of Gothic, but the decorations generally follow Byzantine or Romanesque models.

—The thirteenth autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design will open on Monday, Dec. 10, and close on Saturday, Jan. 5. Varnishing day will be Friday, Dec. 7. The schools of the Academy will open on Oct. 1, with the following instructors: Edgar M. Ward, Charles Y. Turner, Francis J. Jones, James D. Smillie, Olin L. Warner, Frederick Dielman and Prof. Thomas Eakins.

Notes

LORD TENNYSON has applied to the Bishop of Winchester for a faculty to erect in Freshwater Church a tablet to his father, the poet, for which he has written the following epitaph:—

"In loving memory

of

Alfred, Lord Tennyson,

Whose happiest days were passed at Farringford,

in this parish.

Born Aug. 6th, 1809.

Died Oct. 6th, 1892.

Buried in Westminster Abbey, Oct. 12th, 1892.

"Speak, living Voice! With thee death is not death;
Thy life outlives the life of dust and breath."

—Miss Mary Garrett of Baltimore has founded a European fellowship of \$500 a year, and five graduate scholarships, each of \$200 a year, at Bryn Mawr College.

—Among the contents of the *Nuova Antologia* of June 15 is an article on "L'Utopia Anarchica," by Giovanni Boglietti, which studies the origin and growth of the anarchist ideal from its beginnings. Another article of value and interest is on "Le Spedizioni Geografiche degli Antichi Romani," by Filippo Forena. Neera's "Anima Sola" is completed in this number. In scope and merit the *Nuova Antologia* continues to keep abreast of its continental contemporaries, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *Deutsche Rundschau*.

—To the criticism that President Dwight has sacrificed the scholarship of Yale to the betterment of the college in purely practical ways, Mr. Depew, at the Alumni Dinner at New Haven on June 27, replied that there were two answers. "First, President Dwight found Yale a college, and under his administration it had grown up to be by common consent one of the two leading universities of the United States. Its curriculum had been so enlarged

and its standard so advanced that there was not one of its graduated critics who by any possibility could pass the preliminaries for entrance into the freshmen class. The stone and brick and mortar represented larger accommodations for the students, with more comfort, under better sanitary and hygienic principles, and a larger addition to the revenue of the University than it had received during the hundred years preceding President Dwight."

—The efforts of the American dramatists to secure better protection for their works are likely to be successful. Representative Covert of New York has made a favorable report to the House on the bill to amend the copyright laws to that end.

—The officers of the Walt Whitman Fellowship, elected at the organization meeting in Philadelphia, May 31, were: President Dr. Daniel G. Brinton; Vice-Presidents, Robert G. Ingersoll, John Burroughs, Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, Thomas B. Harned, Francis Howard Williams and Isaac Hall Platt; Council, Charles G. Garrison, Horace L. Traubel, John H. Johnston, F. H. MacIntire, Thomas Earle White, Mrs. L. N. Fairchild, Miss Charlotte Porter, Henry L. Bonsall, Wayland Hyatt Smith and Joseph Fels. On June 5, at a meeting of the Council, Horace L. Traubel, Camden, N. J., was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

—M. Waliszewski's new volume on Catherine II. is called "Autour d'un Trône," and gives abundant and detailed information about her fellow-workers, her friends and her favorites. Not the least interesting are the chapters devoted to her relations with the French philosophers.

—The London *Literary World* gives the following description of George Meredith as he appeared at the recent wedding of Miss Violet Maxse to Lord Salisbury's fourth son:—"Genius and distinction are written on his beautiful, intellectual head, in his almost inspired expression. A man of medium height, he has a thin, delicate figure; a large, noble head, crowned with luxuriant white hair; a short, crisp, well-shaped white beard, peaking out like Lord Spencer's; soft, blue-grey eyes; and a slightly *retroussé* nose."

—Merrill & Baker, New York, are preparing new editions, with illustrations in photogravure, of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," in two volumes, McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," in four volumes, More's "Utopia" and Anacreon.

—Sarah Bernhardt has opened her London season with "Izely," the Buddhist drama which MM. Armand Silvestre and Eugene Morand have written for her. The intrigue of the play turns upon Gautama's renunciation of the vanities of life and the attempts of Izely, the courtesan who loves him, to bring him back to her creed of sensual love. But Gautama's fervor converts her to his faith, and she becomes pure in life and thought—for the sake, of course, of a powerful third act *à la* "La Tosca," wherein she repels and kills Scyndia, who wishes to force her to his desires. As literature the play has little value, and its Buddhism is of the Paris drawing-room type; but the authors have succeeded in providing the great actress with a part that offers her the opportunity of displaying to the full her genius in its unrivalled control of the whole range of human emotion; and that has probably been their aim.

—Mr. Albert Turner, who has been for nearly thirty years connected with the Fowler & Wells Co., is announced as the manager of a new quarterly journal of practical hygiene, to be called *Health*, and to be published in this city by the Health Pub Co.

—Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, the well-known translator from the French and Spanish, has arranged to give a course of twenty-five lectures on Spain and Spanish literature at the residence of Mrs. George E. Lockwood, 288 Lexington Avenue, on consecutive Wednesday afternoons, beginning Nov. 14 next. Mrs. Lockwood has also arranged with her for a special course of lectures on the same subject, to be given to the regular pupils of her school and to any others who are willing to spend a certain amount of time in supplementary study, on the Friday mornings following the lectures mentioned above. Mrs. Serrano sails for France to-day, and will remain abroad for three months, looking up books for translation, and gathering fresh material in Spain for her winter course of lectures. She will probably visit Paris, Venice, Florence and Rome.

—Shortly after Maupassant's death a Russian publisher announced a series of translations of the great novelist's masterpieces. Tolstoi offered at once to write an introduction for the series, and this interesting essay has been published in the new weekly *Journal des Debats* of June 23 and 30 and July 7. Tolstoi admires "Une Vie" and "Bel-Ami," but condemns the other novels; he misun-

derstands, or pretends to misunderstand, Maupassant's attitude toward his art, and persists in asking, What is his teaching, what the moral he wants to point? This is essentially the spirit in which the Frenchman's works should not be judged. Tolstoi looks for his own conception of art and finds it not; but Maupassant's point of view he ignores.

—Prof. Ely's "Socialism and Social Reform" has gone into a second edition.

—When Mr. Grossmith left America after his recent tour it was arranged that he would return to the United States, if possible, in the spring of next year. He has, however, accepted an engagement to appear in the new comic opera by W. S. Gilbert, which is to be produced in October.

—The new President of Bates College, Prof. George Colby Chase, held the chair of English literature at that institution for 22 years before his election to his present office. He is 52 years old, and graduated at the head of his class ('68) in the College of which he is now the head.

—*Public Opinion* seems to have taken a new lease of life under its new management. It has just sent out an attractive plate containing the portraits of over 50 of its principal contributors, among them being nearly all the men now prominent in American letters.

—Dr. Conan Doyle's new story, "The Stark Munro Letters," as written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former Fellow-Student, Herbert Swanborough of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the Years 1881-4," will appear serially in *The Idler*, beginning with the August number.

—In 1889 Herr Heinrich Krohn of Paris offered to contribute the sum of 100,000 marks to found an Academy of the German language. "I intend this Academy," he said "to revise and purify the German language, and to make it a universal language, in the same way as the Academie Francaise has done for the French language. The members of the academy are not to receive a salary from the Government—the sale of the academical dictionary, adorned with the imperial coat-of-arms, will yield a sufficiently large income. If the 100,000 marks herewith offered by me do not suffice for the purpose in view, I engage to supply whatever may be wanting." The Berlin Society for the purification of the German language is trying to have some action taken toward the realization of Mr. Krohn's plan.

—Mr. Swinburne has made a metrical translation of the fragments of the hymn to Apollo recently discovered at Delphi. It appears in the July *Nineteenth Century*.

—*Scribner's* for August will contain a number of unpublished letters written by Lowell to Poe during the years 1842-4.

—Fritz Reuter's widow died at Eisenach on June 9, having outlived her husband nearly twenty years. Her devotion to him in his sufferings, and his passionate affection for his "Lowising," are known from his own writings. The villa at the foot of the Wartburg, which was presented to him in 1864, and where he spent the last ten years of life, she has, it is said, bequeathed, with all its contents, to the Schillerstiftung.

—Four books for boys, by Gordon Stables, will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co. in September.

—The Codex Atlantic, which contains 1750 manuscripts and drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, is to be published at last, by Hoepli of Milan. Each of the 35 parts will contain 40 heliotype plates, together with a double transcription of the text and notes.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS.

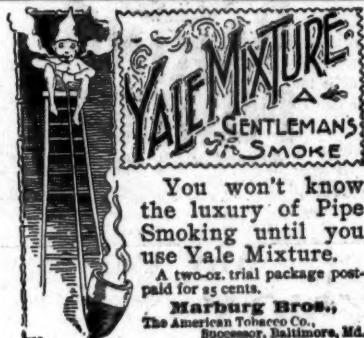
1700.—In the introduction to his translation of the Rubaiyat, p. XIX. (London, 1889), Mr. J. H. McCarthy writes:—"To Mr. Swinburne Omar owes the most eloquent tribute in the English language, the words which are to be found in a note to the essay on Blake." I have Swinburne's *Essays on Blake* (second edition, London, 1868), but fail to find this "most eloquent tribute." Can you point it out for me?
PORTLAND, MAINE.
T. B. M.

1701.—Shall we say "under the signature," or "over the signature." To use the former seems the right expression, as the meaning really is "under the authority of" So-and-So.

BOSTONIAN.

Publications Received

- Annals of the American Academy. Vol. IV. July, 1893-June, 1894. Ed. by E. J. James. Phila.: Am. Academy Political & Social Science.
 Beaudouin H. La Vie et les Œuvres de Jean-Jacques Rousseau. 2 vols. Paris: Lanuelle & Poisson.
 Burke, S. H. Fairy Tales for Little Readers. 30c. A. Lovell & Co.
 Carpenter, E. A Modern Rosalind. 30c. Rand, McNally & Co.
 Catalogue of Books. June, 1894. D. C. Heath & Co.
 Catalogue of German, French, Spanish and Italian Books. May, 1894. D. C. Heath & Co.
 Comfort, E. M. Grizzly's Little Pard. 75c. Thomas Whittaker.
 Davis, R. H. Van Bibber, and Other Stories. 60c. Harper & Bros.
 Duchess, The. Red House. 30c. Rand, McNally & Co.
 Grimms' Fairy Tales. Tr. by H. B. Paul and L. A. Wheatley. \$1. Frederick Warne & Co.
 Larned, J. N. History for Ready Reference. Vol. II.—El Dorado—Greaves. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols Co.
 Hall, J. L. Judas. 50c. Williamsburgh, Va.: Henley T. Jones.
 Maxwell, W. H. Introductory Lessons in English Grammar. 40c. Am. Book Co.
 Maxwell, W. H. First Book in English. 40c. Am. Book Co.
 Nichols, E. L. Laboratory Manual of Physics and Applied Electricity. Vol. I. \$3. Macmillan & Co.
 Pilling, J. C. Bibliography of Wakashau Languages. Washington: Government Printing Office.
 Quidde, L. Caligula: Eine Studie ueber roemischen Caesarenwahnsinn. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich. Arena Pub. Co.
 Sawyer, B. F. David and Abigail. 50c. Thomas, C. The Maya Year. Washington: Government Printing Office.
 Thompson, M. Lincoln's Grave. Cambridge: Stone & Kimball.
 Thompson, A. A Moral Dilemma. 30c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Trumbull, H. C. Studies in Oriental Social Life. \$2.50. Phila.: John D. Wattles & Co.
 Tuckwell, G. M. The State and its Children. 2s. 6d. London: Methuen & Co.



YALE MIXTURE
GENTLEMANS SMOKE

You won't know the luxury of Pipe Smoking until you use Yale Mixture.

A two-oz. trial package post-paid for 25 cents.

Marburg Bros.,
The American Tobacco Co.,
Baltimore, Md.

THE BOOK-BUYER FOR JULY.

Contains a Frontispiece Portrait, specially engraved for this publication, of the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, whose book, "The Poetry of Tennyson," has attracted as much attention as his sermons or his books upon art. The sketch is written by Robert Bridges. E. W. Kemble is the subject of the sketch of a Book-Illustrator in this number.

Miss Edith M. Thomas contributes to the department of "Correspondence" a letter dealing with the vexed question of a poet's right to do anything but write poetry. The poems of Francis Thompson, the poet newly "discovered" in England, are reviewed, and his portrait is given, and a new portrait of Swinburne also appears in this number, accompanying a brief review of "Astrophel, and Other Poems." Other matter touching poets and their work finds place in the **BOOK-BUYER** for July, together with short notices of new books to be welcomed as summer literature of the first class. All the regular departments of the magazine contain the usual quantity of entertaining information for the lovers of books.

Send Ten Cents for the July Number.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
Publishers.

153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUSIC All the great musical classics, imported and reprinted, for voice or instrument, in all published forms. Headquarters for sheet music, music books and music literature. Send for free Catalogues. **OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,** Boston, N. Y., Phila.

THE LENOX LIBRARY (AND READING ROOM),

Fifth Ave. and 70th St., is open every week day from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Exhibition of rare books; two galleries of paintings.

Admission Free. No tickets required.

The Critic

WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

(Established 1881.)

ONE YEAR, \$3. SIX MONTHS, \$1.50. FOUR MONTHS, \$1. SINGLE COPIES, 10 CTS.

To foreign countries in Universal Postal Union postage \$1 per year extra.

The Critic Co. J. B. GILDER, President.
J. L. GILDER, Treas. & Sec.
287 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

THREE JUNE BOOKS.

The Dancing Faun. A Novel. By FLORENCE FARR. With title-page by Aubrey Beardsley. American copyright edition. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.

Poor Folk. A Novel. By FEDOR DOSTOIEVSKY. Translated from the Russian by Lena Milman. With a critical introduction by George Moore. American copyright edition. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.

These are the only American editions of two books about to appear in England, which will surely create a sensation by their strength and originality. They are exceedingly clever, and show deep insight into the actualities of life.

The Wedding Garment. A tale of the Life to Come. By LOUIS PENDLETON, author of "In the Wire Grass," etc. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00. White and gold, \$1.25. A new view of our future life.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

COLUMBIAN KNOWLEDGE SERIES.

Total Eclipses of the Sun. By MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

Public Libraries in America. By W. I. FLETCHER, Librarian of the Amherst College Library.

Edited by Professor Todd, of Amherst College. A series of timely and readable monographs on subjects of permanent interest. Scientific, but untechnical, and illustrated. Each, 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.

By Moorland and Sea. By FRANCIS A. KNIGHT. Illustrated by the Author. 16mo, cloth, \$1.50.

Wayside Sketches. By EBEN J. LOOMIS. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.

Art for America. By WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.

At all Bookstores. Postpaid on receipt of price.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers, BOSTON.

RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, ETC.

CHEAPEST BOOKSTORE IN THE WORLD.

THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS IN THE UNIVERSE.

At a great Reduction from Publishers' Prices.

Send us a Postal Card, naming any Book you may desire, and we will quote price by return mail.

SPECIAL TERMS TO LIBRARIES.

Libraries and parcels of books bought.

MANMOTH CATALOGUE FREE.

LEGGAT BROS.,

81 CHAMBERS ST., - NEW YORK.
Third door West of City Hall Park.

PAPER by the POUND, and envelopes. Greater quantity, lower price, than by quires. Samples, all grades, prices marked, on receipt of 50c. **W. R. JENKINS,** fine stationery, 831-833 Sixth Ave., (49th St.), N. Y.

THE BOOK SHOP, Chicago. Scarce Books. Back-number magazines. For any book on any subject write to the Book Shop. Catalogues free.

CATALOGUE No. 38, being a fresh lot of Odds and Ends selected from the Literary Junk Shop of A. S. Clark, 34 Park Row, New York, ready.

FRENCH BOOKS.

Attention is directed to our COMPLETE STOCK of MODERN and CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE. Constant additions are being made to our list. TEXT BOOKS, GRAMMARS, DICTIONARIES, PHRASE-BOOKS. Books for the acquirement of all FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Catalogues and Lists on application. Subscriptions to all periodicals.

BRENTANO'S, 31 Union Sq., New York.

H. WILLIAMS,

105 WEST 10TH STREET, NEW YORK.
Dealer in Magazines and other periodicals. Sets, volumes or single numbers.

RARE BOOKS—PRINTS—AUTOGRAPHS.

WILLIAM EVARTS BENJAMIN, 29 E. 16th St., New York.
Catalogues issued continually.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

Send for price lists.

WALTER ROMEYN BENJAMIN,
28 Fourth Av., New York City.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD.

Reliable Trunks, Bags and Cases.

No. 761 Sixth Ave., near 40th St. No. 688 Broadway, near 4th St.

No. 161 Broadway, near Cortlandt Street.

NEW YORK.



EDUCATIONAL

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY.
Oldest and best known in the U. S.
Established 1855.
3 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

An Agency is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells is something, but if it is asked to you about them That recommend a teacher and recommends you, that is more. Ours **Recommends.**

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA

San Mateo, California.
ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR.
REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, D.D., Rector.

CONNECTICUT

Hartford (in the suburbs).
WOODSIDE SEMINARY FOR GIRLS. Every advantage for culture, study and health. **NUMBER LIMITED.** Terms, \$700. Year commences Sept. 20th, 1894. Miss SARAH J. SMITH, Principal.

Norwalk, Connecticut.
MISS BAIRD'S Institute for Girls. 44 miles from New York City. Primary and College Preparatory courses. New buildings, steam heat, incandescent light. Gymnasium. Careful attention to morals and manners. 23d year.
MCLEAN SEMINARY FOR GIRLS, SIMSBURY, Conn. College Preparatory. English Courses. French, German, Art, Music. REV. J. H. MCLEAN.

Waterbury, Connecticut.
ST. MARGARET'S DIOCESAN SCHOOL. Twentieth year, opens Sept. 19, 1894. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M. A., Rector. Miss MARY R. HILLARD, Principal.

NEW JERSEY

New Brunswick, New Jersey.
THE MISSES ANABLE'S ENGLISH, FRENCH and German Boarding and Day School. College Preparation, Art and Music.
Apply for circulars.

NEW YORK

Albany, New York.
ST. AGNES' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Under the direction of Bishop Doane. Choice of four courses of study for graduation. An advanced classical course may be taken or any special studies. For catalogue address, Miss E. W. BOYD, Principal.

Aurora, Cayuga Lake, New York.
WELLS COLLEGE FOR WOMEN. Three Full Courses of Study. Location beautiful and healthful. New building with modern improvements. Session will begin September 19, 1894. Send for catalogue.

Buffalo, N. Y., 234 Delaware Avenue.

Buffalo Seminary.

The forty-fourth year. For circulars address Mrs. C. F. HARTT, Principal.

Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.
NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY.
Col. C. J. WRIGHT, President.

Manlius, N. Y.
ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL.
Next term begins Sept. 19th, 1894. Apply to WM. VERBECK, President.

Newburgh, New York.
THE MISSES MACKIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Twenty-ninth year will begin September 22d, 1894. Certificate admits to Vassar and Wellesley.

Peekskill, New York.
The Peekskill Military Academy.
61st Year. COL. LOUIS H. ORLEMAN, Principal.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
59TH YEAR. Prepares thoroughly for College, the Government Academies, and Business. U. S. Army officer detailed at Riverview by Secretary of War.
BISBEE & AMEN, Principals.

NEW YORK CITY

New York City, 45th and 86th Streets.
THE MISSES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

New York City, 125 Lenox Ave., near 119th St.
MISS MARY E. AND MISS RUTH MERINGTON
French and English School for Girls.

EDUCATIONAL

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC OF AMERICA.

126 and 128 East 17th Street

(INCORPORATED 1885.)

DR. ANTONIN DVORAK, DIRECTOR.

Special Summer Term

extending from JUNE 1ST to SEPTEMBER 15TH, to the advantages of which the attention of musical students in out-of-town colleges, seminaries, etc., and pupils, in the enjoyment of a vacation period, is particularly invited.

NORTH CAROLINA

Raleigh, North Carolina.
ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Raleigh, North Carolina. Advent term of the Fifty-Third School Year will begin Sept. 20, 1894. Special attention paid to Physical Culture and Hygiene. Address the Rector Rev. B. SMEDS, D.D.

OHIO

Painesville, Ohio.
LAKE ERIE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN who desire a course of study beyond that of the preparatory or high school.
Miss MARY EVANS, Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia, Penn., 4313 and 4315 Walnut Street.
A THOROUGH FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOME SCHOOL FOR TWENTY GIRLS. Under the charge of Mme. Henrietta Clerc and Miss Marion L. Fecke. French warranted to be spoken in two years. Terms, \$300 a year. Address Mme. H. CLERC.

ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL,
BUSTLETON, near Philadelphia, Pa.
A high-class Preparatory School for Boys. Illustrated catalogue.
CHAS. H. STROUT, } Principals.
F. E. MOULTON, }

Paris, France, 187 Rue de la Pompe.

The Lafayette Home.

American young lady students can obtain rooms and all the advantages of a home in this institution; charges made for board only at very moderate rates, as the house and furniture are given by Doctor Thomas W. Evans. For particulars, address "The Directress."

The Round Robin Reading Club,

DESIGNED FOR THE PROMOTION OF
SYSTEMATIC STUDY OF
LITERATURE.

The object of this organization is to direct the reading of individuals and small classes through correspondence. The Courses, prepared by Specialists, are carefully adapted to the wishes of members who choose their own subjects, being free to read for special purposes, general improvement, or pleasure. The best literature only is used, suggestions are made for papers, and no effort is spared to make the Club of permanent value to its members.

For particulars address

MISS LOUISE STOCKTON,
4213 Chester Avenue, Philadelphia.

If you want FRENCH BOOKS, or books of any description—School Books, Standard Books, Novels, etc.—send to WILLIAM R. JENKINS, Publisher and Importer, 851 and 853 SIXTH AVENUE (48th Street), NEW YORK. Catalogue on application. Importations promptly made.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

REVISION AND TYPEWRITING.

Authors should secure for their articles the most attractive form in which they can be offered to publishers. Thorough revision and careful copying on the typewriter quadruple a manuscript's likelihood of acceptance. The editorial work of Miss LUCY C. BULL receives highest commendation from Charles Warner, Edmund C. Stedman, William C. Priss, Annie T. Blosson, John La Farge and William I. Fletcher.
ROOM 17, No. 51 W. 10th STREET, NEW YORK.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 206 Wall Street, New York.

WHY ARE

KNOX HATS

THE BEST?

BECAUSE THEY ARE
KNOX HATS.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

104 FIFTH AVE., } NEW YORK.
212 BROADWAY, }

340 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

193 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

2 to 15 Days' Pleasure Tours.

Forty-eight pages, six maps, describes fifty tours costing from three to thirty dollars. A copy will be sent free, postpaid to any address, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

A Book of Books for 2 Stamps.

A copy of the "Illustrated Catalogue" of the "Four-Track Series," New York Central Books and Etchings, the only book of its kind ever published, will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Fishing in the Thousand Islands.

Fifty-six pages, beautifully illustrated, nine maps showing exact location of the fish; full information, with numerous accurate illustrations of tackle, etc., will be sent to any address free, postpaid, on receipt of five 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

BOSTON, U. S. A.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

AMERICAN PLAN,

Opposite Trinity (Phillips Brooks) Church.

THE VICTORIA,

EUROPEAN PLAN.

Opposite New Old South and Art Club,

BARNES & DUNKLEE, PROPRIETORS.